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Johnston,

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

MINISINK BATTLE

ON THE

ACTUAL BATTLE FIELD

JULY 22d, 1879.

WITH THE

PRAYER, ORATION AND SPEECHES DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION;

AND THE

Incidents Connected with the Celebration.

COLLATED AND PUBLISHED BY

J. W. Johnston and Albert Stage,

Barryville, N. Y.

JOHN WALLER, PRINTER,
MONTICELLO, N. Y.

1779, July 22
[illegible] region, N.Y.

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THE BATTLE FIELD.

ITS LOCATION, AND THE MARCH OF HOSTILE ARMIES THERETO.

BY J. W. JOHNSTON, ESQ.

The Minisink Battle occupies its proper page in American history, and the 22d day of July, 1779, is acknowledged as the day on which that sanguinary battle was fought.

The field of the battle is also well understood by the public in general, while a few have recently sought to raise a question as to its locality.

It is desirable that such a question be carefully considered and rightfully settled, and that all reasonable doubt in regard to a matter of such importance be dispelled.

It is a lamentable fact that the history of the battle is deficient in many essential particulars, and that by an unpardonable negligence much information has been irretrievably lost, and which if once collected and preserved by those who possessed the opportunity, would now be hailed as a valuable possession.

A number of the men actually engaged in the conflict lived and circulated among their former neighbors for years afterward, and the means of information thereby presented, together with others of equal certainty, but serve to prove the indifference of mankind in regard to matters of such lively interest to those living in after years.

But whatever doubt may surround many incidents connected with it, the fact is established that the one place entitled to the distinction of being the field of the Minisink Battle is situate in what is now the town of Highland, County of Sullivan and State of New York, and in lots number sixteen and seventeen in the seventh division of the Minisink Patent. By an

air line the distance of the field from the village of Barryville in said town of Highland is 288 chains, or three and three-fifths miles, and about four and one-half miles by the usual route of travel. From Lackawaxen it is distant about one and one-fourth miles by road, and is elevated above the level of the Delaware river at that place not less than 1,000 feet.

The field itself is a plateau formed by a ledge of rock, most of which is covered by earth to a depth sufficient to support the growth of shrubbery. The edges of the ledge present a projection towards the southeast, southwest and northwest, and when viewed together form, most nearly, a semi-circle. Toward the S. E. the face of the ledge is somewhat broken, 15 to 18 feet high and may be ascended or descended without much difficulty. Towards the S. W. it is in part composed of broken rock, while another part exhibits a steep hill some 25 feet in height. Towards the N. W. the face of the rock is very nearly perpendicular, quite solid, about 15 feet high, and at the base of which, it is fully believed, Col. Tusten and the wounded under his care were tomahawked after the Indians gained the advantage.

A little north-westerly from the central point of the plateau, a hill rises to an extent of 30 or 40 feet, extending towards the N. W. and N. E., but towards the S. E. terminating in a manner so that from 100 to 150 feet of level surface remains between the foot of the hill and the S. E. brink of the ledge.

The ground occupied by the white people in the battle is from a quarter to half an acre in extent, and is the westerly portion of the plateau, while the Indians and tories occupied the part east, the hill above mentioned and the level ground extending around and behind the south-easterly point of the hill; all of which will be more readily seen from the draft given herewith.

The imperfect breast-work of the whites so hastily erected may still be traced, and which as late as 1839 was so distinct as to leave no doubt of its direction and extent, or the ground occupied by those it was intended to shield.

That we have not mistaken the battle field, let the following evidence be respectfully submitted:

When the bones of the slain were collected and removed to Goshen for burial, they were found upon this plateau and at the base of the ledge of which it is composed.

Is there proof of the assertion? If I may refer to my own personal acquirements, I answer that my information enables me to answer affirmatively; and that others may judge of its sufficiency, I give the evidence by which I have been convinced.

John Carpenter formerly owned and resided upon what is known as the Beaver Brook farm situate in the town of Highland, and where the waters of the Beaver Brook and Dry Brook unite with the Delaware river; the farm on which he was born and grew to manhood and whereon, as we are informed by a

member of the family, his father settled in 1782, three years after the battle.

Mr. Carpenter was a man of an active, intelligent mind, of inquiring habits, retentive memory, easy and accurate in his communications, and probably reached the period of his majority near the beginning of this nineteenth century.

In the Autumn of 1839 I called upon him at his place of residence and asked him to show me the ground on which the Minisink Battle was fought. He kindly consented and led the way up and along the valley of the Dry Brook where neither road nor pathway had yet been opened for about the distance of 1 1-4 miles, until we entered upon the plateau I have described. This he designated to me as the battle field and conversed upon many incidents connected with it.

Here, 60 years after the battle, was to be seen the frail breast work which the few brave men in the hour of peril and in the anxiety of their hearts had erected in the presence of the savage foe, with each and every stone, apparently, in the position their hardy hands had placed them.

Joseph Carpenter, and brother of the gentleman before named, once owned and resided upon a farm situate along the same Beaver Brook, two miles up the stream, and where the old Cochecton road crosses the same. He was a very few years younger than his brother; settled here about the same time, and the foregoing statement respecting the habits and abilities of the one, is equally true of the other.

In the year 1843 I first heard that this Mr. Joseph Carpenter had assisted in collecting the bones of the heroes from the battle ground, and at an early day thereafter I journeyed to the place of Mr. Carpenter and learned from him that such was the fact. I informed him that I felt a degree of solicitude in regard to the battle field and the events associated with it, was anxious to acquire whatever reliable information subsisted, and that I would cheerfully pay him for his time and labor if he would accompany me to the battle field, and give me such information as he possessed relative to the collection of the bones and to all other matters pertaining to the ground, the battle, &c., &c. He appointed the following Saturday for the journey, and suggested that I be at his place at an early hour of that day. I carefully attended to the appointment and arrived at his house at 9 o'clock a. m.

His good lady, (Aunt Dorcas) than whom a kinder did not live, provided for us an ample lunch and we commenced our appointed journey. On leaving the premises of Mr. C. we passed some distance up and along the old Cochecton road, and then through a pathless wild until we arrived upon this same plateau, where we remained, exploring the ground and surroundings,

searching for relics and rehearsing traditions of the battle, until the sun was nearing the brow of the western hill.

Here was what the second Mr. Carpenter recognized as the ground on which ill-requited bravery grappled with savage fury, only to die, and to remember in dying their country and home. Here, too, was the spot from which he with his own reverent hands helped to gather the whitened remains of the men who died that liberty and right might survive, and that they might be united in a common sepulchre as in life they had been united in a common purpose.

Here at the base of the ledge forming the northwest extremity of the plateau, Mr. Carpenter could designate the spot where the largest number of bones were found, and hence the inference that the brave and faithful Tusten with his disabled followers, there became the objects of a cruelty which must continue to blacken the page of history on which it is recorded.

Here again, at different points along the margin of the little pond lying at the foot of the hill, bounding the plateau on the south-west, he could point out where the partial skeletons of several bodies were found, as though, amid the fast fading scenes of life, the mangled bodies had sought that murky spot in hope to allay a dying thirst.

In estimating the value of such evidence, the favorable ages, the abilities, the residences and the general opportunities of the gentlemen above named to acquire the information they have imparted, all tend to inspire a confidence in their statements. One resided 1 1-4, the other 2 1-2 miles from the scene of the struggle, and as before stated commenced their residences here at an early day. Their arrival at manhood was not remote from the date of the conflict and they possessed and unquestionably improved the opportunity of talking with many other men who lived at the time of the battle, quite probably with some engaged in it.

If additional evidence be deemed useful, I may further state that but a very few days ago I met my now aged and much respected school teacher of early days, Daniel J. Watkins, from whom I learned that when an active youth of 14 years he accompanied and assisted the party which done itself immortal honor by removing the remnants of the departed heroes from the wild mountain where they had so long lain with blasting reproach to their kindred and countrymen. From his vivid memory Mr. Watkins points to the same ground designated by the Carpenters, and in his description of the ground and rehearsal of the incidents connected with the collection and removal of the remains, not a single discrepancy appears between the two accounts of Joseph Carpenter and himself.

Here we leave the foregoing items of evidence of a positive kind with the remark, that if in any sense defective in their pow-

er to convince, circumstances largely contribute to their complete corroboration.

This ground has heretofore been claimed as the battle field and general acquiescence for sufficient time establishes the claim. Two succeeding generations have by common consent looked with solemn remembrance towards this wild mountain top as the spot whereon their ancestors died to secure the rights we now so fully enjoy.

During the lapse of one hundred years they have repaired to this lone plateau to seek and to find some relic of the battle, which they might treasure as a souvenir, and for which long period of time, nor until the centennial occurred, has any doubt been heard as to the locality of the field. Why? Because no basis was known upon which to rest a doubt. Is there any such basis now unknown to the people of former years? None whatever.

We would, however, not wholly overlook the ideas and opinions of our aged and much respected friend Sears G. Tuthill, Esq., which, since the centennial exercises, have found a somewhat prominent place in the public prints. According to such ideas the battle was fought upon the farm of Mr. H. B. Twichell, and the same is sought to be sustained by the statement that in 1848 he acted as flagman for Mr. S. W. Royce in running a line of survey, commencing at the Lackawaxen road near the Delaware river, and running thence N. 45 deg. E., and thence N. 45 deg. W.; and that while he was carrying the flag along the last mentioned line "he noticed all along the same, human bones."

Mr. Tuthill gives the names of Jacob Stage and his two sons—Albert and George—as assisting members of the surveying party.

It is somewhat unfortunate that Esq. Tuthill, in his statement, omitted to give the length of the line and the extent to which it was strewn with human bones. With such data the curious might calculate as to whether or not the men admitted to have been killed from the command of Col. Hathorn would have been sufficient to supply the demand, and as a correlative whether they were probably the bones of white men or Indians. The tract of land surveyed by Mr. Royce and referred to by Esq. Tuthill, was the same as now in part owned and occupied by Mr. Twichell and included a part of the plateau before described. It is well known that the line between lots number 16 and 17 in the 7th Division of the Minisink Patent runs over the plateau, dividing it very nearly into equal parts. In recent conversation with Albert Stage, Esq., it is found that he has a distinct remembrance of the survey, and states that when they had passed over the plateau and descended the declivity towards the northeast, they found at the base of that declivity two bones which they judged to be human thigh bones, or femers.

That they were for some time preserved in his father's family, but being productive of disagreeable sensations on the part of his mother, they were disposed of in a way unknown to himself. The above are all the bones seen or heard of by Mr. Stage during his connection with the survey, though like the flagman and others of the party he traveled along the entire line surveyed.

Admitting, however, that human remains in scattered fragments have been discovered at some distance from the ground so long and generally claimed as the battle field, does it to any extent invalidate the claim? We think not: for it must be remembered that hard fighting was done by the few there engaged; that whites and Indians were killed and wounded; that a most disastrous rout took place, and it may be safely imagined that many sought safety in different directions, and under the pains of fatal wounds laid down to die amid the loneliness of the wilderness, far away from the cheering voice or soothing hand of wife or mother, and where naught but the howl of the hungry wolf and the terrific screech of the panther were heard in place of the prattle of the babes at home.

The battle, if such occurred, must have had a locality, and despite all speculation the fact remains in force, that no considerable number of human bones have been found elsewhere than upon and at the base of this plateau, notwithstanding the many searches of the curious and incursions of the woodmen, who have through a course of many years traveled over and taken the timber from every foot of the surrounding hills.

Esq. Tuthill fails to give the public the benefit of the information he claims to have acquired from Daniel Myers, except that the battle was fought in sight of Lackawaxen; which cannot be true, whether fought upon the ground we claim or upon the farm of Mr. Twichell as demanded by him.

Hence we leave this discussion as we commenced it, fully confirmed in the belief that we have not mistaken the field.

As a second question, how did the contending parties approach and reach thishigh and rocky point?

In a portion of mankind there appears a lurking propensity to cavil with historical accounts and to antagonize themselves with received opinions, and accordingly many discordant views have recently been advanced upon the question now under consideration.

It is not the purpose here to trace the footsteps of the parties previous to the morning of the 22d July, 1779, the day of the battle; for whatever connecting incidents form the subjects of discussion, the agreement is settled that during the night of the 21st the whites encamped at Hagia Pond and the Indians at Halfway Brook, where Barryville now stands. Col. Hathorn with his infant army came upon the Indian encampment at an

early hour of the 22d, and from his observation of that encampment discovered two important facts: 1st, that the force of the enemy was much superior to his own; and, 2d, that the subtle Brant was but little in advance. Facts, indeed, which with the previous well-known character of the Chief, should have allowed prudent considerations to control instead of rash desires, and as a result insured safety and life instead of disaster and death.

The march of both armies commenced at Barryville: what route was taken by the Indians and what by the Whites in order to reach the battle ground? While it seems to be admitted that the Indian army marched along the New York side of the Delaware river, recent opinions assign a number of different routes to the Whites. Some have imparted to them a kind of amphibious character and fancy them crossing the Delaware with the ease and celerity incident to an otter or muskrat. Some maintain that they crossed from the New York to the Pennsylvania side at one point near Barryville, re-crossed opposite the mouth of Dry Brook, there commenced skirmishing with the Indians, marched up the valley of that brook followed by the foe until the battle ground was reached and a stand there made. Others that they crossed at some point not designated, proceeded up and along the Pennsylvania shore of the river to Lackawaxen, then returned and re-crossed at the place where they first forded the river, being met by the Indians at or near the place of re-crossing, and proceeded up the valley of the Dry Brook as before stated.

Such a march would seem to be the result of a somewhat strange and liberal conjecture. When we read or hear that Daniel Myers and others crossed the Delaware river while fleeing in utmost terror from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the infuriated savage, &c., wonder is not excited, since a direct impelling motive accompanies the act. But when an hundred and forty men, marching in pursuit of a foe, even with imperfect arms and accoutrements of war, are by conjecture made to cross and re-cross the Delaware, in the brief space of time allowed, and when we vainly search for the motive or the strategic object to be gained thereby, we must ask pardon for our hesitancy to unite with such conjecture.

The formation of a purpose or the conception of an object, argues in favor of an adoption of the most efficient means for its accomplishment.

Col. Hathorn and his counsellors fully believed that the Indian commander intended to cross the Delaware river with his army and plunder at the well known Lackawaxen ford, at or near where the aqueduct of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company is now located.

That the belief was well founded, all accounts seem to concur; for when the scouts of Col. Hathorn first reach the ford,

part of the advance from Brant's army had actually crossed, while others were crossing.

We learn that the object of Col. Hathorn was to reach the ford in advance of the Indians, and thus intercept them in their intended crossing. When he left Halfway Brook in the morning, Brant was pursuing his march up the river, how far in advance was unknown, and it must evidently have occurred to Col. Hathorn that to attain the object sought, his movements must be of the most rapid description. It was necessary that he pass the Indian army, and to be observed by them while so doing would have been fatal to the purpose. To cross the Delaware and march up the Pennsylvania side, would prevent the possibility of concealment and hence the inevitable defeat of the plan. Besides to ford the river at any point between Halfway Brook and Lackawaxen, could be done only when the stream was very low, and even then with difficulty and much delay to the march.

Was there time for such a course, if the account be accepted that the Whites bravely struggled upon the battle field against the fearful and persistent attacks of the Indians *from ten o'clock in the morning* until about sunset? A question pertinent to those who insist upon the Whites crossing, marching to Lackawaxen, returning and re-crossing at the same point.

With due respect for adverse opinions, consideration of the purpose, the means required to effect it, the difficulties which the opposite theory involves, together with the want of time necessary to sustain it, induces the belief that our feeble though valiant army did not cross the Delaware river at all; and under the influence of such belief we claim to conduct the brave little band to the rock-bound height, once crimsoned by their blood, and by a march consistent with the plan their leaders had devised.

The Delaware from Halfway Brook (Barryville) to Lackawaxen is closely confined in its course by two considerable mountains rising from its opposite shores.

From Barryville to a distance of about half a mile up the river, there is a slope of land extending back from the stream a quarter of a mile or more, and over which the top of the mountain can be reached with ease.

At the termination of this slope, the mountain rises abruptly from the shore of the river, and continues precipitous and high to the outlet of the Beaver Brook. From the mouth of this brook and to the distance of a half or three-quarters of a mile, a flat extends back some distance from the river, and beyond this is a slope of ascending ground, somewhat similar to that at Barryville. Down this slope and through the flat land before mentioned, the little Dry Brook passes, until its waters mingle with those of the Delaware; or so did in the days when savage men marched along the shores of the clear Delaware;

since when, however, the water of this and many other small streams, empty into the Delaware and Hudson Canal, constructed along the river.

Now, when Col. Hathorn left Halfway Brook in the morning, with intent to out-march the Indian warriors and reach the Lackawaxen ford in advance of him, and well knowing that the artful Chief was marching along the river shore, it would seem quite natural that a route over the mountain would have suggested itself, most readily and favorably, to his mind. Passing up the easy slope at Halfway Brook to the mountain top, he might march to Beaver Brook and the Dry Brook valley, secure from observation by the Indians and free from the danger of their bullets.

If he did so march, we think it will occur to any person, acquainted with the features of the country, that the form of the ground and the hills would naturally conduct him, in his route, to the plateau we claim as the battle field, or to its near vicinity.

Marching thus, he might at a certain point, and from the eminence he occupied, "discover the Indians leisurely advancing along the bank of the river about three-quarters of a mile distant," and when he passed over the slope at the Beaver Brook, and to the valley of the Dry Brook, "the two armies" would necessarily "lose sight of each other;" and it seems, indeed, that from historical accounts entitled to credit that nothing further was seen or known of the savage band, until discovered in the rear of Col. Hathorn's army, and between the two portions of it.

As the army of Whites were passing over the slope at Beaver Brook, it would seem that the crafty Mohawk discovered, or by Indian instinct learned that they were upon the hills and in pursuit, and thereupon left the river shore, marched hastily up the Dry Brook valley until he reached the spot, upon which the few brave men were forced to mortal combat, and half their number forever shut out from the light of life and the sweets of the homes they loved.

It may be objected here that the march claimed for the Whites was a very rugged one. True it was; but it was performed by rugged men, who left their homes for a purpose which naught but rugged exercise could accomplish, with contemplation of the task, and animated by a spirit not to be quelled by the hardships which three miles' of mountainous journey presented.

A band of men who had already marched so far through a wilderness land, in pursuit of a predatory savage horde, and men who would brave the wiles and ferocious propensities of such a horde, were not to allow their march to be obstructed by the impediments which only these hills interposed. A contrary presumption would be derogatory to their fame.

Such seems to be the unquestionable line of march taken

by the two armies, and the one sustained by the dim light which history throws around it.

Whether the whites were brought to a stand immediately, upon the Indians appearing in their rear, and then compelled to commence the conflict, or whether they, in the first instance, passed the battle field, proceeded to the river at Lackawaxen and by some manner returned and completed the bloody struggle upon the plateau, is a point upon which it seems somewhat difficult to reconcile the statements of history.

The belief is, and has been entertained, that the former theory is correct and that the belligerents did not reach the river previous to the battle.

To this, however, doubts may be interposed, and to some extent sustained by the report of Col. Hathorn, which has recently appeared in one of the public prints. We quote from the report, as we find, viz:

"The Indians probably from some discovery they had made of us, marched with more alacrity than usual, with an intention to get their prisoners, cattle and plunder taken at Minisink, over the river. They had almost effected getting their cattle and baggage across, when we discovered them at Lackawack, 27 miles from Minisink, some Indians in the river and some had got over. * * * * * * * * * *

I soon perceived the enemy rallying on our right and recrossing the river to gain the heights. I found myself under the necessity to rally all my force, which by this time was much less than I expected. The enemy by this time had collected in force, and from the best accounts that can be collected, they received a reinforcement from Kethethton, began to fire on our left. We returned the fire, and kept up a constant bush firing up the hill from the river, in which the brave Capt. Tyler fell. Several were wounded. The people being exceedingly fatigued obliged me to take post on a height, which proved to be a strong and advantageous ground."

Again, from "Stone's Life of Brant," as we now remember, not having a copy at hand, we quote as follows, viz., after stating the death of Capt. Tyler, he says:

"This circumstance occasioned considerable alarm; but the volunteers, nevertheless, pressed eagerly forward and it was not long before they emerged upon the hills of the Delaware, in full view of that river, upon the eastern banks of which, at the distance of three-fourths of a mile, the Indians were seen deliberately marching in the direction of a fording place near the mouth of the Lackawaxen. This discovery was made at about 9 o'clock in the morning. The intention of Brant to cross at the fording place was evident; and it was afterwards ascertained that his booty had already been sent thither in advance.

The determination was immediately formed by Col. Hath-

orn to intercept the enemy at the fording place, for which purpose instant dispositions were made. But owing to intervening woods and hills the opposing bodies soon lost sight of each other, and an adroit movement on the part of Brant gave him an advantage which it was impossible for the Americans to regain. Anticipating the design of Hathorn, the moment the Americans were out of sight, Brant wheeled to the right, and by threading a ravine across which Hathorn had passed, threw himself into his rear, by which means he was enabled deliberately to select his ground for a battle, and form an ambuscade.

Disappointed at not finding the enemy, the Americans were brought to a stand, when the enemy disclosed himself partially in a quarter altogether unexpected.

The first shot was fired upon an Indian, who, as the Americans came to the bank of the river, was crossing the Delaware with a portion of the booty, and who was mounted on a horse which had been taken from a farmer of Minisink. * * * *

The belligerents soon engaged in deadly conflict, when above the whooping and yelling of the savages, the hurrahs of the whites, and the reports of the fire-arms, Brant was heard in a voice which was never forgotten by those present, commanding all who were on the opposite side of the river with the plunder, to return. They at once dashed into the river, and soon fell upon the rear of the Americans who were thus completely surrounded and hemmed in, except about one-third of their number, whom Brant in the early part of the engagement had managed to cut off from the main body. The enemy was several times greater in number than the militia, who were ultimately driven in and confined to about an acre of ground."

From the above quotation it would seem that the armies reached the river and commenced the battle upon its bank. Yet it seems possible to glean from another source matter by which the opposite theory is sustained.

Rev. J. R. Wilson, D. D., delivered the address at the interment of the bones of the heroes of the battle, on the 22d of July, 1822. From that address the following information appears:

"Capt. Tyler, who had some knowledge of the woods, was sent forward at the head of a small scouting party, to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy and give notice of the best ground for attacking him; but he had not advanced far before he was killed—a circumstance which created considerable alarm. As our troops were marching on the hills east of the Delaware about nine in the morning, they discovered the Indians advancing leisurely along the bank of the river, about three-quarters of a mile distant.

Brant had sent forward the plunder, under an escort, to a fording place of the Delaware, near the mouth of the Lackawaxen where he intended to cross the river.

Col. Hathorn wished to intercept him *before he reached the fording place.* Owing to intervening woods and hills, the two armies lost sight of each other, and Brant, instead of advancing along the bank of the Delaware, wheeled to the right and passed up a deep ravine, over which our troops had marched, and thus crossing our line of march, showed himself in our rear, about ten o'clock. By this skillful maneuver he not only took us by surprise, but chose his own ground for commencing the attack. Col. Hathorn, as his men were illy supplied with ammunition, issued an order like that of Gen. Putnam at Bunker Hill, not to fire a single shot until the enemy were near enough to make it take effect. Just at that moment an Indian was seen riding a horse which had been stolen from Minisink on the 20th, and was known to one of our men who instantly fired on him and killed him. The fire soon became general. * * * * *

Soon after the commencement of the battle, they were completely surrounded by the savages on the summit of a hill descending on all sides, and the ground which they occupied among the rocks and bushes was about the extent of an acre, which they maintained in an obstinate conflict, from between ten and eleven in the morning until late in the afternoon."

With this account, the "History of Sullivan County," written by James E. Quinlan, coincides in its general statements; and from which it quite clearly appears that the battle was commenced, fought and disastrously terminated, upon the battle field or plateau before described. Not deeming the question of sufficient importance in this connection to invite a labored argument, we submit the accounts to others who may entertain a desire for the exercise. We have no disposition, however, to conceal a decided preference for the inferences to be derived from the statement of Doctor Wilson. He was a minister of the gospel in good repute and a gentleman of abilities, natural and acquired. Being selected to fill the distinguished position he did on that memorable occasion, it is proper to suppose that he prepared his statements with care and assiduity. In his address he gives a brief history of the march and battle; and that he delivered such momentous matters to his large auditory from conjecture or doubtful information, would be unfair in the belief,—and that he was surrounded by favorable opportunities and ample means for the collection of information, none will deny. At the date of his address but 43 years had passed since the sad occurrence to which he referred, and the accounts from the survivors themselves must have been yet fresh in the minds of the many to whom they were often delivered. Col. Hathorn too was present on the occasion and the idea would be difficult, that Dr. Wilson proceeded amid any doubt in regard to his historical statements, with a source of information so accessible and so valuableas the venerable commander of the battle, presented.

ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION AND ITS ORGANIZATION.

BY ALBERT STAGE, ESQ.

The Centennial of the Minisink Battle, July 22, 1879, being fast approaching, the propriety of observing that centennial in a suitable manner upon the actual battle field, had been discussed in private circles and set forth in short communications to several of the leading newspapers printed in the counties of Sullivan and Orange. Pertinent editorials had successively appeared in several papers and especially in the Port Jervis *Gazette*, all recommending that the occasion be so observed; but though much had been proposed in different forms, the most practical, as well as the most usual steps for the accomplishment of like objects, were taken in this instance by John J. Hickok of Barryville, by arranging for a public meeting at Lackawaxen, Pa., on Saturday the 14th of June, 1879.

The meeting convened under this call, was composed of Mr. Hickok, H. E. Twichell, Hon. Wm. Westfall and less than a half dozen others. By reason of the meagre attendance, the few present and interested in the object of the meeting took no action further than to adjourn the meeting to Wednesday evening, the 18th of June, at the same hour and place. The adjourned meeting was alike barren of results—no organization or movement being initiated, and therefore no further meeting was held at that place.

Without any preconcerted arrangement, on the motion of Albert Stage and J. V. Morrison, a meeting was held in the Court House at Monticello, after the hours of Court then in session, and upon the same evening of the adjourned meeting at Lackawaxen.

J. V. Morrison of Wurtsboro, was elected Chairman and W. W. Smith of Woodbourne, Secretary. Addresses were made by Hon. A. C. Butts, Wm. L. Thornton and others, and a resolution passed to celebrate the centennial of the battle upon the field thereof, by appropriate ceremonies. A committee styled a

County Committee, consisting of County Judge W. L. Thornton, District Attorney J. F. Anderson and W. W. Smith, Esq., with Albert Stage as corresponding Secretary, was appointed, and by resolution the Supervisors of the several towns of the County of Sullivan were constituted local committees to call meetings and take such other action as might tend to awaken an interest in, and facilitate the proposed object.

The Board of Supervisors being convened at the Court House in Monticello the following week, Albert Stage, the Corresponding Secretary as stated, sought further to commit all parts of the County of Sullivan to a celebration on this most classic and historic spot, within her borders; but the Board declined to do or recommend anything whatever promotive of the contemplated object.

The County Committee having done nothing, and the Supervisors as a board and as individuals, having declined as stated, Mr. Stage made arrangements for calling a joint County meeting at Port Jervis on Friday evening of the same week. No action at this meeting gave promise of better results than others before it.

Convinced that further efforts to interest remoter communities, or to unite the counties of Sullivan and Orange in organized efforts to effect a proper observance of the centennial day so near at hand, and that it would pass unobserved into the abyss of time, unless resolute steps were immediately taken by leading and influential persons, dwelling in the near vicinity of the historic ground, he called upon J. W. Johnston, Esq., of Barryville, stated his previous proceedings, the failure of every effort, presented his views of the situation and the necessities, and suggested that immediate notice be circulated for a meeting of the people of Barryville and vicinity to consider the matter of celebrating the approaching Centennial of the Minisink Battle, and to be held at the close of the public temperance meeting appointed for the following evening, July 2d. Mr. Johnston entertaining like conviction with Mr. Stage, and that every sentiment of patriotism, as well as a grateful remembrance of those whose names and deeds we should ever cherish, demanded at the hands of this people some commemorative act after the lapse of a century, united in calling the meeting proposed.

Like others held for the same purpose, its attendance was meagre; but in all other respects, and especially in point of interest, it happily and vastly exceeded all previous assemblies. Albert Stage, Esq., was chosen Chairman and Ira M. Austin Secretary.

The brevity of time remaining, the prevailing lack of interest manifested in all previous efforts, largely conduced to discourage the present meeting from assuming the responsibility in-

volved in an undertaking to provide a celebration, or to assume its control.

Proper sentiments were, however, impressed upon the minds of the members by appropriate and stirring remarks made by the Chairman, by J. W. Johnston and others, and a motion was unanimously carried that a committee of seven be appointed by the Chair to provide for and arrange for a celebration, and that the committee so to be appointed have power to add to its number as should afterward be deemed advisable or necessary. The Chairman appointed as such committee: J. W. Johnston, A. C. Miller, S. St. J. Gardner, Ira M. Austin, J. J. Hickok—all of Barryville; Able S. Myers, of Eldred, and Horace E. Twichell, of Lackawaxen, to which committee the Chairman, Albert Stage, was added, on motion. The committee subsequently added to its number Wm. L. Thornton, of Monticello, James I. Curtis, of Callicoon, and Ellery T. Calkins, of Cochecton, all of Sullivan county, and J. H. Reeve and C. D. Wood, of Slate Hill, B. F. Van Fleet and Dr. Sol. Van Etten, of Port Jervis, all of Orange county; but from none of whom except Ellery T. Calkins was any aid or services received—not even an encouraging word or kindly notice at any time heard or manifested.

A meeting of the committee was held the following evening and plans devised for prosecuting the work contemplated by their appointment. A celebration was to be arranged, and in accordance with the well-known wishes of the public, it was determined to erect a monument, and to perform all in a manner that would do honor to the memory of those whose names and deeds it was desired to perpetuate, and that would prove creditable to all who should in any form contribute to its accomplishment. The surroundings of the committee, at this juncture, were far from being cheerful. They had raised no funds for the purpose; the time in which to complete the work was reduced to nineteen days only; the weather was extremely warm; the route to the ground was rugged and steep; the labor of conveying the needed material to it was onerous indeed, and all this, together with the utter lack of spirit displayed by the people in every quarter, combined to cast disagreeable doubts around their ultimate success, and to produce a positive conviction that its achievement depended wholly upon indomitable perseverence, attended by hardship and toil. The period, however, for consistent doubt or speculation had actually passed, and they had now only to prosecute the work proposed; and in so doing to remember that multitudes, perhaps, anticipated visiting, for the first time, a lone spot hitherto unmarked save by the low and imperfect breastwork hastily thrown up on the morning of the battle, traces of which yet appear. Materials were procured and drawn up the heavy hills, roads constructed and others repaired, the proposed monument erected, a platform, seats and

shade prepared ; and when the day arrived, fortunately one of the most beautiful of the season, not less than 2,500 people found their way, far up on the hills of Highland, to celebrate the first Centennial of one of the most sanguinary conflicts recorded in our country's history—upon the very soil with which the life-blood of four and forty true men and patriots was mingled.

J. W. Johnston, Esq., acted as President of the day ; the Hon. William J. Groo, of Middletown, as Orator, and the Erie Cornet Band, of Port Jervis, were present, according to previous engagement.

The introductory address by the President of the day, the prayer by Rev. J. B. Williams, of White Lake, the oration, the speeches by Judge Butts, of Monticello, Hon. George H. Rowland, of Rowlands, Pa., Hon. Thomas J. Lyon, of Port Jervis, the Poem by Ezra T. Calkins, of Cochecton, as the same are herewith published, severally speak their own sentiments.

The associations connected with the spot, the event commemorated, the sentiments sent forth from the stand of the speakers, the novel scene presented by a monument upon that wild mountain peak, the first sound of a cannon issued and reverberating from these hills, the exhilerating strains of music now heard, where once was sorrow and dying groans, and such a throng of people in that unbroken wild, all conspired to a proper appreciation of the occasion, and to connect it inseparably with the memory of all who in any manner shared in it.

How far and how well the committee succeeded in discharging the duties intrusted to it, is cheerfully and confidently submitted to the decision of a generous public to whom that decision most properly belongs. Certain it is, however, that its own most sanguine expectations were more than realized.

The absence of inebriety, so frequently fatal to the peace and order of public assemblies, was especially gratifying, not only to the committee who had most cautiously and sedulously guarded against its appearance upon the ground, but to all well-disposed citizens as well ; and it certainly should be accepted as an encouraging sign to all those who regard the final triumph of the temperance cause as of paramount importance to our country and mankind. Much credit is due to the many who composed that assembly, since, among all, not a single element of any description appeared to conflict with the peace and orderly conduct of the proceedings. One and all seemed to enter the ground with a single purpose in view—to commemorate the sacrifices which that rocky mount had witnessed a century before, and by which it had become linked with their sweetest memories. The opportunities provided and made subservient to such purpose were properly improved, and it is highly gratifying to know that general satisfaction was given, and to believe that none left with expectations disappointed.

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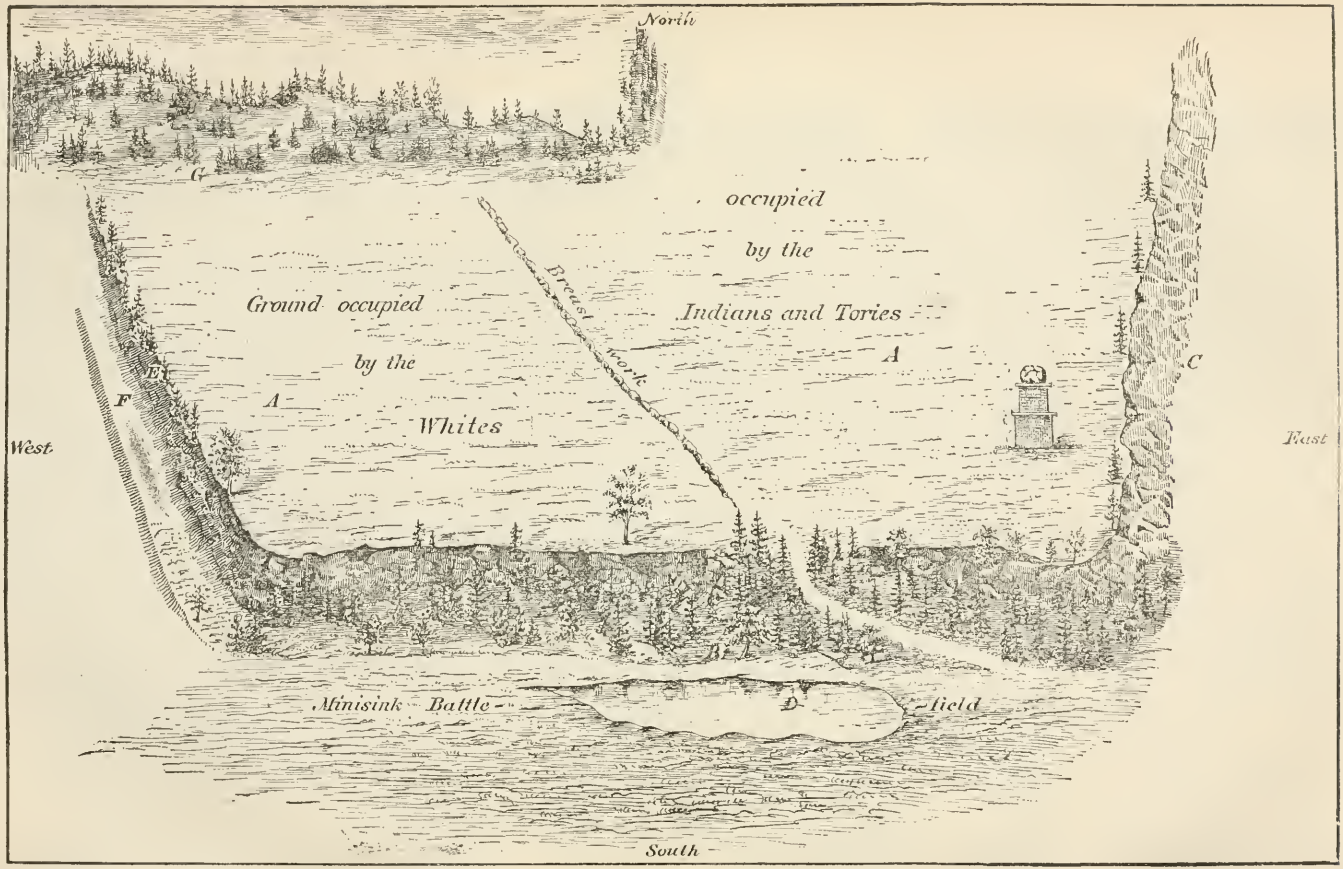
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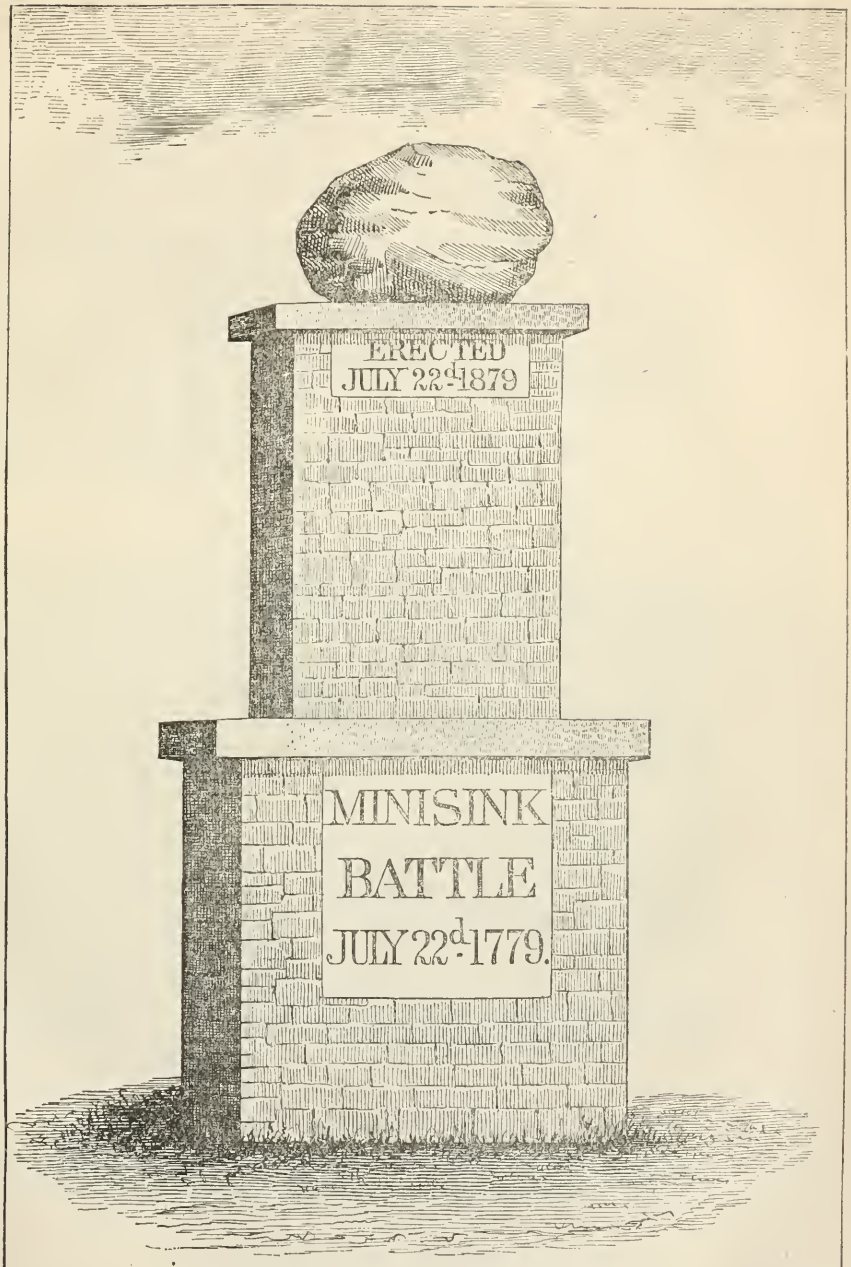

MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

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A. A plateau very nearly.

B. Hill about 30 feet high, mostly capped by broken rock.

C. Irregular ledge of rock, rising from the level about 18 feet to the plateau.

D. Small pond lying at the foot of the hill, and of late years is full of water only during wet seasons.

E. Nearly a solid ledge of rock, extending from the turn to the foot of the hill G.

F. A table of land extending from foot of ledge, about 12 feet wide, and where it is quite certain Col. Tusten and the 17 wounded met their sad fate.

G. A hill ascending from the plateau towards the north and curving as shown, at the easterly extremity.

The monument is composed of stones gathered from the battle field, excepting the two flag-stones which cap the different sections, and the boulder which forms the crown. All these were obtained from Capt. L. F. Johnston at the mouth of Beaver Brook, and by his procurement drawn first to Lackawaxen and thence up the acclivity to the battle field. The flag-stones are each five inches thick, the one 5 1-2 and the other 4 feet square. The boulder is of white sand stone and weighs about 1500 pounds.

In the center of the lower section of the monument, and directly beneath the large flag-stone, was placed a black walnut box which was brought from the southern States by Abel S. Myers, Esq., upon his return from the late war, and whose grandfather was a brother of the Daniel Myers who acted such a prominent part in the Minisink battle.

In the box is a paper containing the names of the Committee of Arrangements and others interested and assisting in the erection of the monument.

The prayer and the several speeches delivered on the occasion are hereafter given in the order of their delivery.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

BY

JOHN W. JOHNSTON,

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens and Friends:

Occasions happen in the progress of life, wherein the want of oratorial powers are sadly lamented. None in the course of my own life has caused that lamentation to arise with greater force than the present.

Any words at my command can but feebly indicate the delight experienced in meeting this assemblage of men, women and children, from hoary age to lisping infancy, of the different professions, trades and occupations of life; and all in numbers so gratifying, here upon this historic ground—on this Centennial day, and for the purpose thus assembled.

The circumstances attending your journey hither preclude the presumption that mere curiosity has controlled your steps, while they, indeed, sufficiently attest that the worthy deeds, the sufferings and deaths, which have so intimately connected this romantic spot with our American history, are indelibly written upon the tablets of your memory.

Reverence for the actors and enduring remembrance of valiant deeds, incited by love of country and the eternal principles of justice and right, are prominent characteristics of the American race; and obedient to its dictates you have, one and all, entered upon this wild mountain height to-day to do honor to the memory of a few brave men, who here engaged in dread conflict with the savage foe—fought, bled, suffered and died for their country and homes—alike for you and I.

Thus may it ever be. While history shall survive the wreck of time, and while memory shall hold a seat within the human brain, so long may the virtues of those who have lived for others as for themselves—forsaken personal comforts and the

dearest relations of life, and amid the awful scenes of war, bled and died that others might live in the nobler enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, ever find a lodgment secure in the affections and memories of their countless and succeeding generations.

Yes, my friends, for us in life no more appropriate office remains than to assemble here on this eventful day in solemn commemoration of the deaths and agonies of those whose loyal blood once crimsoned this mountain summit, and which the summer suns and winter storms of an hundred years have but served to bleach away. Bleached, indeed, from the surface of these rocks and barren grounds—bleached from the bodies it once warmed and animated—bleached as were the bones after 43 years exposure here; but its impressions never, and *never to be bleached* or obliterated from the hearts and memories of a grateful posterity, whereon it has been stamped by a hand Divine.

As we shall this day recur to the mournful and appalling scene once enacted here, and which might well nigh cause the trees upon these hills to murmur forth a sadness, let us one and all profit by the reflections it must necessarily induce, to the end that a proper love for our native land, a becoming pride in its history, an enduring gratitude for its prosperous and united condition, and an acknowledged necessity for a constant fidelity to its institutions be re-vivified within us.

In behalf of the committee of arrangements, which I now have the honor to represent, I most cheerfully extend to you the warm hand and kindly voice of welcome to this ground, which has drank some of the best blood of our revolutionary days; and in so doing, surrounding circumstances seem to demand a brief statement of the means by which these proceedings have been inaugurated and thus far conducted to a conclusion.

Upon a cursory view of the surroundings now, you will probably conclude that the time apportioned to these preparatory arrangements was unequal to the requirement, and herein your judgment will not be at fault.

The consent to engage in such an undertaking was preceded by much hesitation; and this, reprehensible as it may appear, is hardly matter of astonishment when a little critically examined.

In our sister county of Orange, and over the meagre remnants of the slain there entombed, a commemorative service of large proportions was timely organized, with an ample amount of money first secured as the essential moving power; and hence the doubt as to whether any considerable number of people would extend a kindly notice to any such lesser movement as we seemed empowered to introduce.

Again, it is not to be presumed that we, or any equal num-

ber, would engage in such a task irrespective of the truly herculean character it undoubtedly possessed.

It is not fair to conclude that we were wholly lost to the love of comfort and ease—a love so common to the human kind, or quite insensible to the rigor with which this July sun was day by day pouring his heated rays upon the earth, with no rational hope that it would be relaxed, even from patriotic considerations, much less for any accommodation of ours.

Neither is it safe to believe that we, so much accustomed to the ruggedness of the country, and so familiar with the lay of the land, would fail to consider the elevated position of this classic ground and the difference of level between it and the Delaware river, or that we would view with indifference the sweat to be lost, the toil to be endured, the vexations to be met, together with the fearful tax upon the mental and physical powers requisite to safely maintain the energy necessary to surmount the impediments which, without delicacy or concealment, threatened us with deadly opposition.

Justice to this account demands that the apathy of the people be enumerated among the chief signs of discouragement, with the utter indifference of some and the actual opposition of others—obstructing elements ever to be found menacing to public spirit and enterprise.

When to all this, and vastly more untold, the most depressing fact of all be added: that we were wholly destitute of the needful, the sinew of business, the all-powerful lever which stirs mankind, that we had not the leading dollar or dime treasured for the purpose, nor yet an incipient idea whence the first red cent would come, shall the hesitancy before admitted be denied all sympathy and justification? If so, and if the same must be imputed for guilt, then, leaving others to seek their own salvation, and speaking only for ourselves, while we are not prepared to acknowledge ourselves as the chief of sinners, yet that we were tainted by original sin is undoubtedly true; and our only hope lies in the sincere repentance we have adopted, especially since meeting this large and very respectable assembly here, in whose every countenance we trace a love of civil liberty and the fires of patriotism vividly burning.

In the Divine order of things some one person seems to be adapted and especially designed for particular purposes.

If any value whatever attaches to the celebration here today, the credit thereof is, in a very large degree, due to Brother Stage of our committee. Chiefly at his suggestion and by his efforts the springs of action were first set in operation. With a view to remove that most hateful lethargy subsisting, and to substitute for it a spirit that would excite to public action, meetings were appointed and held at several times and places—Lackawaxen, Port Jervis, Monticello, &c.; and herein it was very

properly sought to unite the counties of Sullivan and Orange in a common effort to commemorate an event alike interesting to both, or, if not successful, then to engage the county of Sullivan in action through the influence of its several supervisors or otherwise. All such efforts, however, proved abortive, and no progress was made until he came to his own, in the little village of Barryville lying in yonder valley; and with earnest appeals to the national pride and sensibilities of its citizens, asking them indeed if it would not be a shame should the people residing in the immediate vicinity of this battle field permit the Centennial to pass without some action to revive and perpetuate a memory of the scenes which rendered it dear to us all.

When asked with the same degree of energy to unite with him in calling a meeting of the people to ascertain what could be done, who could but yield to the appeal, and what spirit so dormant as to refuse a request so much in accord with every sentiment of patriotism and respect for the history of our country?

That meeting was held, and though not imposing in numbers, the liberal representation of ladies—always the advocates of good—and the rightful public spirit manifested within it, proved effectual in procuring the appointment of a committee for this occasion.

We accepted the trust, not without realizing in part that hard labor only could discharge it; yet from that time onward fully resolving, individually and collectively, that we would, in some measure at least, manifest our gratitude for the toils and the pains, the sacrifices and the blood endured and shed for the liberties of man. We have discharged it as best we could, and the results are now before you.

When first organized we purposed nothing more, indeed, than to announce a celebration to the public, prepare a means of access to the ground, leaving those who might choose to resort hither to do so in their own way, and to proceed informally, either for a free sociable or whatever the occasion or the moment might suggest.

Almost immediately, however, an orator was demanded, then a band of music, and so very rapidly did the ideas and aspirations of the people expand that it has actually required the presence of the Hon. Wm. J. Groo and the Erie Cornet Band of Port Jervis to satisfy their intellectual and musical tastes, as you will see.

But what most essentially frustrated our hopes for comparative ease was the early clamor for an erection of something to mark the locality of the battle, for the use of other people, at other times, when our bodies shall have crumbled and gone the way of those whose deaths we now commemorate.

What should it be?

Here was a lonely mountain height, forbidding cultivation or settlement, wild, indeed, as on the day when the haughty Mohawk Chief first led his predatory band over its surface, visited by forest fires at frequent intervals, and wholly destitute of the watchful eye or the protecting hand. To erect here a polished shaft of marble or granite was wholly impracticable by reason of inadequacy of time and means; and it was thought by many, the members of the committee included, that such a structure would be quite unsuited to the place, the surroundings and the objects to be secured.

Consequently, we have erected what you see yonder—a plain, inornate work, domestic in its every feature, durable in its construction and typical, we think, of the hardy, frugal, industrious and honest lives of the valiant men whose blood consecrated the spot where it stands.

Such as it is, together with our other humble preparations, we kindly present to your several uses to-day, and again expressing our unalloyed satisfaction in meeting you on this memorable ground, permit us to hope that your enjoyment may be perfect, and that no event may happen to frustrate any hope or disappoint any expectations you may have entertained in coming here.

May we ask you, one and all, to unite with us in the hope that our modest structure may indefinitely remain the property of the public, and serve as a beacon light to those who in the far distant future may seek this battle ground—here to join in solemn meditation over the value, to them, of a country and a government purchased by patriot blood.

We shall not ask in vain to-day that you join us in the hope that such assemblages shall convene under the ægis of the Constitution which now spreads its grateful shadows over us, under a like form of government, with institutions ennobled and improved by the constantly increasing intelligence and virtue of the times.

And now, as the gentle western breezes unfurls yonder chaste, proud ensign of Republican Sovereignty, we confide in you to hope with us that it will ever float over a land and a people that are free, and that all the myriads which shall yet arise from the bosom of coming centuries will own a noble and virtuous pride in the protection it secures.

PRAYER

BY

REV. J. B. WILLIAMS

OF

WHITE LAKE, SULLIVAN COUNTY, N. Y.

O Lord of hosts ! we desire to worship Thee on this mountain. Thou art a great King and all people should be silent before Thee. It befits us to adore Thee this day of commemoration of departed heroes, while we lift up our hearts to the God of our fathers in the midst of these woods and rocks, and templed hills, which are themselves the proof of the presence, and power, and majesty of our God.

We thank Thy great name, our Father in heaven, that we have come to this Centennial day, made memorable by the great sufferings of our forefathers, endured to found for us this free Republic.

We thank Thee that we are not bowing down under the rod of the oppressor, and that this nation is still the asylum for the oppressed of all lands. May grateful emotions spring up in our hearts in connection with these public observances, that instead of the alarm of war we have the kindly salutations of peace; that instead of the groans of the dying, on this once gory field of battle, we have the strains of music and the pleasure of social conversation, in a land where concord and prosperity prevail throughout all our borders.

Most merciful Father ! Thou dost remind us of the horrors of war, the sufferings of patriots, the tears of widows and orphans, and the desolation of homes to which loved ones never returned, while their bones for long years lay unburied on these lonely heights; yet we bow before Thine august throne with humble submission to all Thy royal arrangements, and magnify that infinite wisdom which overruled the disasters of war for the glory of thy great name and the welfare of the whole nation, to the end that posterity might learn to value their blood-bought.

privileges. Great God! we thank Thee that Thou didst hear their prayers, Thou didst see their tears, and Thou didst regard their sufferings. Grant in Thine infinite goodness that if ever the dearest interests of civil and religious liberty may be imperiled that the sons of our country may be always ready and willing to make the needful sacrifice of life, it may be, in imitation of those illustrious ancestors who died for their home, their country and their religion.

We confess that we are less than the least of Thy mercies, yet what astonishing goodness passes before our eyes, as we review the mercies of the last hundred years towards our nation. We have gone through great adversities and lamentable wars, and remain still a happy, united and prosperous people. Out of many nations Thou hast founded one great nationality where Christian institutions flourish.

May the Sabbath long be observed among us, and Sabbath instruction be given to the youth of the land with increasing success, and may education and virtue improve their minds. May profanity and immorality cease; may temperance prevail and righteousness become the stability of the times. Send, we pray Thee, national prosperity.

Bless, O Lord! all ranks and classes of society. Bless the President of the United States and give him wisdom to guide the difficult affairs of State. Bless the members of Congress; may they be good men and rule in the fear of God.

Bless aged fathers, mothers and the children present. May the next generation see better days than ever their fathers saw, the nation increasing in virtue, morality and religion until it shall become the glory of all lands.

Be pleased, our Father in heaven, to guide the tongues of the speakers that they may utter words advisedly, that our hearts may be strengthened for every good purpose, and may gratitude fill every soul.

We remember this day that our lives are short and uncertain—"our fathers, where are they?" When we, too, shall pass away and sleep with all the mighty dead, may our latter end be peace and our final gathering be with the blood-bought throng in heaven above. And to Thy blessed name, through Christ Jesus, be all the praise, world without end. Amen.

ORATION

BY

HON. WM. J. GROO

OF

MIDDLETOWN, ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.

Fellow Citizens: One hundred years ago to-day, on the spot where we are assembled, now in the town of Highland, Sullivan County, N. Y., forty-five brave men gave up their lives at the call of duty, and for the protection of their homes. If it be true as some believe that the spirits of the departed are conscious of the conduct of the living, we may well suppose that all who were present on that ever memorable day, are now witnessing with the deepest interest, our proceedings. May this thought inspire us to the utterance of such words as shall fitly commemorate their deeds.

We are not here simply to express our admiration of the men who were killed in the battle of Minisink, but of all who fought in that engagement. Death has now overtaken them all, and we must remember and recognize the fact, that he who survives the performance of a great duty, ought to be awarded equal praise with him who loses his life before the contest is ended.

As we recur to the battle of Minisink, three names at once occur to our minds as the most prominent actors in that sanguinary contest, viz: Cols. Tusten, Hathorn and Brandt.

The record of this day's proceedings would not be complete without more than a passing notice of these commanders.

Col. Benjamin Tusten was born on Long Island in 1743, and consequently was thirty-six years old at the time of the battle. His father moved into Orange County when the son was but three years old, and settled about three miles from the village of Goshen. Young Tusten after a thorough academic education, studied medicine and became a prominent and successful physician and surgeon. He continued the practice of his profession, having the confidence and esteem of the entire community in

which he lived, until the time of his death. Like most really great men, he was modest and unassuming in his manners. He early took ground in favor of the independence of the Colonies, but he was not permitted to live to witness the consummation of his hopes.

Colonel, afterwards, General John Hathorn, was a true patriot and a man of sterling integrity. He was, at the time of the battle, about the same age of Tusten and Brandt, and although the result of the engagement was disastrous to his command, no one ever questioned his bravery.

The fact that his little band of untrained soldiers were able, for so many hours, to resist the attack of an enemy that greatly outnumbered them, is evidence that he was a man of superior military genius. The high estimate placed upon his character and ability by the citizens of that day, is shown by the fact that he was repeatedly chosen to represent them in the halls of State and National legislation. On the 22d day of July, 1822, forty-three years after the battle—the occasion being the laying of the foundation of a monument at Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., to commemorate the sacrifices of the men whose bones had then for the first time been gathered from the field of battle,—Gen'l Hathorn spoke as follows:

"At the end of three and forty years we have assembled to perform the sad rites of sepulture to the bones of our countrymen and kindred. But these alone are not sufficient. Policy has united with the gratitude of nations in erecting some memorial of the virtues of those who died defending their country.—Monuments to the brave are mementoes to their descendants; the honors they record are stars to the patriot in the path of glory. Beneath the mausoleum whose foundation we now lay, repose all that was earthly of patriots and heroes. This honor has been long their due, but circumstances which it is unnecessary for me to recount have prevented an earlier display of this gratitude. Having commanded on that melancholy occasion, which bereft the nation of so many of its brightest ornaments—having been the companion of their sufferings in a pathless desert, and a witness of their valor against a savage foe of superior numbers, I approach the duty assigned me with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure. May this monument endure with the liberties of our country: when they perish, this land will be no longer worthy to hold within its bosom the consecrated bones of its heroes."

These noble words, and falling from the lips of the venerable commander, then about eighty years old, and on such an occasion, must have been grandly impressive.

Joseph Brandt, the Mohawk Chief, was born in Ohio in about 1742, and died Nov. 24th, 1807. He was frequently spoken of as a Shawnee by birth and only a Mohawk by adoption,

and it has also been said that he was a son of Sir William Johnson.

Having taken a part in the campaign of Lake George in 1755, and in various subsequent conflicts, he officiated after Sir Wm. Johnson's death as secretary of Col. Guy Johnson, Superintendent-General of the Indians, and when the American Revolution began, he was instrumental in exciting the Indians against the Colonies. His presence at the battle of Wyoming is doubtful, though he took part in that of Cherry Valley and other sanguinary engagements. He was received with great distinction on his tour to England in 1786 and was attached to the military service of Sir Guy Carlton in Canada. He opposed the confederation of the Indians and which led to the expedition of Gen'l Wayne, and did all he could to prevent peace between the Indians and the United States. He was however zealously devoted to the welfare of his own people, and conspicuous for his efforts to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits among them. He was a brave warrior and noted for his ability, as testified by his correspondence.

During his stay in England he collected funds for a church, which was the first one built in Upper Canada. He there also published the "Book of Common Prayer" and the "Gospel of Mark" in Mohawk and English. He spent the latter part of his life at Burlington Bay, near the head of Lake Ontario, where he built a house for himself on a tract of land conferred upon him by the British Government.

Brandt's personal appearance and manners, added to his acknowledged abilities, gave him great power over his followers. His bearing was haughty and his language often insulting. He was tall and rather spare; generally wore moccasins elegantly trimmed with beads; leggings and breach-cloth of superfine blue; a short, green coat with two silver epaulets, and a small round laced hat. His blanket of blue cloth was gorgeously adorned with a border of red.

Now let us turn our thoughts to the events that preceded the battle, and then to the contemplation of the battle itself.

As early as 1757 Lieut.-Gov. DeLancy reported to the General Assembly that the Indians had made incursions into the counties of Orange and Ulster—Sullivan then being a part of the latter, and murdered some of the inhabitants.

He also reported that in response to repeated applications he had ordered a line of block-houses built, more effectually to secure that part of the County and to *encourage the inhabitants to stay and not abandon their settlement.* He, in the same report expresses fear that after the troops shall have been withdrawn, that part of the County will be destroyed *by the French and their Savages.*

It appears that the settlers consented to and did remain,

many of them, only to fall victims to the barbarous cruelty of savages, tories and Indians—in the employ of that government which but a few years before had, through its official agents, expressed such disinterested solicitude for their welfare, and such painful apprehensions that they might be injured by "the French and their Savages."

As we recount these unmitigated outrages of the British Government, if our blood be not stirred, and we do not feel indignant beyond expression, then are we unworthy descendants of the men who fought, that this country might be free from the tyranny of such a government.

In October, 1778, Brandt, with a considerable force, crossed over from the Delaware to the Neversink, and down the latter into the Mamakating Valley. The most of the settlers being notified of his approach, succeeded in escaping from their homes; some taking shelter in the block-houses, or "forts", as they were called. A number, however, were killed, houses and barns were burned, horses and cattle driven away. No effort was made at this time to pursue the invaders, but to guard against the repetition of this outrage Count Pulaski was stationed there with a battalian of cavalry.

In February, 1779, he was ordered with his troops to South Carolina. It is probable that Brandt was soon informed that the frontier was again unprotected, and organized a second raid into that region.

He reached the vicinity of what is now called Cuddebackville, near the line of Orange County, on the night of the 19th of July, 1779.

This time his approach was more rapid and stealthy and the knowledge of his presence in the neighborhood, before daybreak the next morning, caused the greatest consternation.

Some succeeded in reaching the block houses, others took refuge in the woods, while many were cruelly murdered. After burning and plundering at will, Brandt marched hastily back, laden with spoils, to Grassy Brook, a small stream which empties into the Mongaup a few miles from the Delaware, where he rejoined a portion of his command which had been left there.

It will be seen by this fact that he had a much larger force than he deemed necessary for the destruction and plunder of the settlement, but he anticipated pursuit and thus guarded against capture and defeat.

The news of this terrible disaster having reached Col. Tusten on the 20th, he at once issued orders to the several officers of his regiment to meet him the next morning with as many volunteers as they could muster, at the "lower neighborhood." About one hundred and fifty officers and men appeared at the time and place named, and early, probably before daybreak, pushed forward under Col. Tusten toward the Neversink.

At the place now called Finchville on the east side of Shawangunk mountain, they had breakfast and were supplied with some provisions for the campaign.

After the long and weary march of that day, following the trail of the retreating foe, they encamped for the night at Skinner's mill, about three miles from the mouth of Halfway Brook.

On the morning of the 22d they were joined by Col. Hathorn of the Warwick regiment, with a few men, and he being the senior officer took command.

Advancing to Halfway Brook, now Barryville, they came upon the Indian encampment of the previous night, and it was evident that Brandt was near. In order to ascertain his exact position and his contemplated place of crossing the Delaware, Captains Tyler and Cuddeback were sent forward.

Tyler was soon shot, and after a short delay caused by his death, Col. Hathorn advanced, and as soon as he saw the main body of the enemy leisurely approaching the ford, near the mouth of the Lackawaxen, (some had crossed and others were crossing with the plunder) he left the Indian trail and turned to the right, intending by a rapid march over these hills to intercept Brandt at the ford.

The wily Indian had discovered his pursuers and anticipating their object, marched his forces quickly up this ravine to our left, thereby placing himself in the rear of Col. Hathorn and preventing about fifty of his men, who had fallen behind in the march, from joining him.

And now we have the contending forces in close proximity to each other.

The Americans, numbering about ninety, occupied the small plateau on which we are assembled. The ledge of rocks which you see a little to our right, and extending around to the monument yonder, formed the southerly boundary of the battle field.

The Indians and tories came up from the ravine to the left, or northerly from this stand, and extended their line around to the west.

O! What an hour of supreme peril was that for the little Spartan band thus environed by the very jaws of death.

What a scene for us to contemplate, looking back through the vista of an hundred years! Who shall tell us of that day and hour, so fraught with deepest interest to those men and the dear ones they had left at home?

Their voices are hushed in death, and their spirits have returned to the God who gave them. The sun above us is silent —these rocks and hills will not their lasting silence break—the whisperings of the wind through the branches of the trees about us we do not understand, and the mirrored waters of yonder Delaware have not retained the shadows and impressions of that day.

If these mute witnesses could but speak, how gladly would we be silent and listen to their eloquence; grander far than ever fell from human lips.

But we must content ourselves with such information as came from the survivors of that fearful contest, and which now occupy a prominent page in the histories of Orange and Sullivan Counties; to which histories we are largely indebted for the statement of facts contained in this address concerning the battle of Minisink and the events immediately preceding it.*

Brandt, realizing the odium that must ever rest upon his name by reason of his inhuman and barbarous treatment of the wounded and helpless who fell into his hands after the battle, attempted to palliate these wrongs by a statement made, many years after, to the effect that before the battle began, he appeared in full view of the Americans, and told them that his force was superior to them, and that if they would surrender he would protect them. That he could then control his warriors, but, after blood-shed he could not answer for the result.

Assuming this statement to be strictly true, we do not wonder that Col. Hathorn declined to intrust his command to the tender care of the friends on whose hands the blood of loving mothers and innocent children had scarcely dried. It was the invitation of "the spider to the fly," and I do not hesitate here to express the opinion that if it had been accepted, not one of that band of patriots would ever have escaped to tell a tale of horrors more heart-rending than the history of that day now records.—Brandt could then have given his own version of the affair without fear of contradiction.

The history of the Indian character is written in the midnight glare of burning homes, with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, dipped in the blood of women and children.

The battle really began about eleven o'clock, by the Indians advancing from the North, but they were promptly repulsed and held in check while some of the men hastily threw up a sort of breast-work of sticks and up-turned stones, about one hundred and fifty feet from the southerly extremity of the plateau. The location of this defensive line was, but a few years ago, distinctly marked.

At this juncture Brandt's voice was distinctly heard within the American lines, calling upon those of his forces who had crossed the Delaware to return; and soon, thereafter, Hathorn's men, who had been formed into a sort of hollow square, were nearly surrounded. Indians appeared in all directions, but in greatest numbers towards the north and west, and concealing themselves behind rocks and trees, advanced from time to time, as opportunity offered, and thus a running fire was kept up.

*History of Orange County by Samuel W. Eager. History of Sullivan County by James E. Quinlan.

At every weak point Brandt directed his efforts, but without avail. Col. Hathorn, while guarding every point in the line, as far as possible, gave strict orders to his men to reserve their fire until it could be made effective. Thus the ammunition, which was lamentably short, was carefully husbanded. As the day wore on, Brandt became disheartened, and was about to abandon the conflict and withdraw from the field, when the death of one of the most effective militiamen, who had for hours successfully guarded a point towards the north-westerly point of the line, and near where Col. Tusten was with the wounded, gave the Indians and Tories an opportunity to break through. Amid deafening yells, they came pouring through this opening in such numbers that further resistance was impossible, and the brave men who for six long hours, without water, under a burning July sun, with insufficient ammunition, had successfully defied an enemy many times outnumbering them, fled from the field soaked with the blood of their comrades. Col. Tusten being, as we have seen, a physician and surgeon, was at this time, as he probably had been during the greater part of the engagement, attending to the necessities of the wounded behind a cliff of rocks. He and the seventeen disabled men under his care, were at once set upon and killed. Others who were wounded, and some who were not, were pursued and dispatched. Some died of their wounds, so that we may safely conclude that not more than thirty of the ninety who were in the engagement, survived.

What became of the fifty men who were isolated from the the main force, history does not record. If they were, as it would seem they must have been, within supporting distance, and made no effort to aid their imperiled and suffering brothers, let us hope that the earth opened and swallowed them up.

The loss of the enemy has never been ascertained, but was undoubtedly much greater than ours.

There were others, many miles from the field of battle, who must not be forgotten on this occasion. I refer to the families of these men.

What has been said of the events of that terrible day is a matter of public history ; yet who but God keeps the record of broken hearts, and numbers the falling tears ?

If to-day we could read that record, our deepest sympathies would be stirred by the untold anguish of the wives and children that day made widows and fatherless.

Now, my friends, for a little time let us lift ourselves above these hills and take a broader view of the world about us.

The event we have been considering, although of local importance, was but a ripple on the bloody waters of revolution, then struggling on toward the broad bay of independence. Three years and eighteen days had only passed since from Independence Hall had been proclaimed that sublime declaration

"*that all men are created equal.*" This truth is the bed-rock upon which Republican Government rests, and without its recognition no people can enjoy the full measure of human liberty regulated by law.

The immortal fifty-six who signed the Declaration of Independence also expressed their "firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence."

Thus it will be seen that faith in God and the brotherhood of man are the two great principles that gave life to this Nation —the lungs into which the infant Republic first breathed the vitalizing air of freedom.

It is not my purpose, at this time, to recall the struggles and sacrifices of the seven years' war that preceded our recognition as an independent government, but only to say that it closed, leaving undisturbed human slavery—that loathsome ulcer on the body politic, and which, in later years, endangered the life of the republic. It was an institution at war with justice, subversive of the dearest rights of humanity and most hateful in the sight of God; yet so thoroughly had its poisonous breath permeated every department of the Government, and infected the country from Maine to California, that few public men, and no political party was entirely free from its pestilential influences.

The truth of this statement will be the more fully realized when I recall to your remembrance the fact that even Abraham Lincoln, as late as 1862, being then President of the United States, was willing to let this monster live if it would but relinquish its grasp upon the throat of the nation. But the time had come for the consummation of the truth of the Declaration of Independence. So long as the war was prosecuted simply for the suppression of the rebellion, trying at the same time to leave slavery undisturbed—the foundation upon which it rested—no substantial victories rewarded our efforts. God would not be mocked. He required the Nation He had so signally blessed to conform to His will, and no sooner had the Emancipation proclamation been issued than victory began to crown our efforts and perch upon our banners.

It was a fearful crisis in our country's history. A million men stood arrayed against each other in mortal combat, and aided by the most destructive enginery of warfare, the strife went on. The tread of armies and the sound of battle came to us with every gale from the South. With what anxiety did we listen to catch the faintest whisper! The father hoped his brave boy would not be harmed; the widowed mother trusted that her only son and support would be spared to return to her again; the affectionate and devoted wife prayed that she might not be made a widow and her little ones fatherless.

But prayers and hopes and tears were vain to stop the dreadful carnage.

"Four hundred thousand men—
The good, the brave, the true—
In tangled wood and mountain glen,
On battle field, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you,
Good friends, for me and you."

The sacrifice was great—the victory complete. The Union was not only preserved, but slavery was abolished. The hot blood of patriotism had melted the manacles from the enslaved and toiling millions of the South, and they became free; and to-day the stars and stripes not only float over the home of the brave, but o'er the land of the free.

Recurring again to this Centennial day, we are impressed with the changes these hundred years have wrought. Our borders have been extended and now stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Lakes to the Gulf. From thirteen feeble colonies, with a population of three millions, we now number thirty-eight States with forty-five millions of people.

Our rivers, lakes and mountains are grand beyond description—our agricultural and mineral resources inexhaustible. In fact, nature has supplied us with all the elements necessary for the upbuilding of a mighty empire.

These natural elements of greatness have been happily supplemented by the industry, perseverence and genius of our people. They have subdued forests, cultivated the fields, made houses, built villages, cities, canals, railways, lines of telegraph, and established on every hand schools and churches.

The inventive genius of American minds has shown in the production of a great variety of labor-saving machines, by which our agricultural, mineral and manufacturing interests have been steadily developed. From the depths and darkness of the earth we have supplied the world with light.

In the accomplishment of these grand results the elements of nature, steam and electricity, have been utilized and made man's obedient slaves.

As we thus recount the sacrifices and successes of the past, and contemplate the possibilties of the future, the question naturally presses itself upon our attention: What are present dangers and present duties?

I have already occupied so much of your time, that my answer to this question must necessarily be brief; only the suggestions of a few thoughts for your consideration:

The welfare and prosperity of a republic depends upon the

proper exercise of the elective franchise. There is therefore great danger in universal suffrage unless those who enjoy this high privilege have an intelligent appreciation of its importance.

Herein, I fear, the average American voter is lamentably deficient.

A second danger, and one that grows directly out of the first, is the impunity with which votes are bought and sold. This practice ought to be frowned upon by all good men, and soon as possible a law should be passed disfranchising forever both buyer and seller. Our elections should be fairly conducted and the result honestly declared, and he who is thus chosen must have the office, whether it be that of President or Constable.

Another danger lies in the extreme partisanship with which our public affairs are conducted. Let us strive to cultivate a higher regard for principle and less attachment to party.

Again, we cannot close our eyes to the reckless and open violation of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath. Thoughtful minds can but regard, with sorrow and apprehension, the growing tendency in this country, in imitation of other lands, to make the day which God commanded we should remember and keep holy, a day for diversion and pleasure, rather than one of worship and rest.

Lastly and greater than all others, because it stimulates every evil and enhances every danger, is the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. It is the embodiment of crime, the germ of poverty, the parent of human suffering. The liquor interest is more potent to-day, in this land, than slavery ever was; more dangerous to our liberties and more hateful in the sight of God. As we love Him and love our country, let us consecrate ourselves to the extirpation to this crime of crimes.

If we do not and continue to make legally right what we know to be morally wrong, the day is not far distant when the lowering clouds of God's displeasure will again rest upon us, only to be lifted after a long night of national sorrow.

ADDRESS

BY

HON. ARTHUR C. BUTTS,

OF

MONTICELLO, N. Y.

Fellow Citizens: To-day in the fairest village of our sister county of Orange, a mighty throng have assembled around a marble shaft, upon which they read a legend, carved in the enduring stone, that on the 22d July, 1779, the Patriots whose names are there inscribed, fell in a bloody struggle on the distant heights of Minisink, after deeds of mighty valor, and that underneath repose the gathered and precious ashes of the heroic dead. It is well that the last resting-place of those brave men should be among their own kindred, and amid their childhood scenes.

We are standing to day upon the very spot where those patriots fell. The soil beneath our feet was crimsoned with their blood. These hills, one hundred years ago to-day, looked down and saw the grandest spectacle this earth affords—the death of the patriot who dies for his country. Here they struggled, fought and died; Americans, patriots, heroes every one. Shall we, shall we, on this memorable day, with mournful visage linger near their funeral urn, and drape it with the chaplets of the dead? Ah, no! No tears, no cypress for the patriot dead; for they die not, but live forever. To all men in every age, their lives are an example, their deaths an inspiration. Let us banish every note of woe. Let these hills which heard their death groans, resound with the loud huzzas and acclamations of us their countrymen, proud that it is given to us, after a hundred years have rolled away, to commemorate their valor on the field where it was so gloriously displayed.

We envy not the citizens of Orange that if true manhood, lofty courage and ardent patriotism were here made conspicuous on that eventful day, that the fame and glory belongs to their

honored sires. As sons of Sullivan we are content that our soil was consecrated by their blood.

To-day our maids and matrons bring fragrant flowers that bloom among our hemlock hills, and strew them over every spot where those brave heroes fell. They drop their tears for those who died to shield the wives, the daughters and the mothers of that stormy time from the torments of a merciless Indian foe; and as their tears fall upon the flowers, behold, they breathe forth a sweeter perfume and blush with a brighter hue; and then from these, with tender hands, they wreath a hero's garland, and lay it with reverence on yon monumental pile.

What mortal tongue or pen can fitly chronicle the heroism and fortitude of those gallant men, who fought and died upon this gory field one hundred years ago to-day?

We see them at their fire-sides, in those troubled revolutionary times, when the startling news is brought to them that Brandt—the cruel, plundering, murderous Brandt—the dusky demon who gloated over his murdered victims amid the smoking ruins of Cherry Valley and Wyoming—that Brandt and his treacherous, uncivilized braves were hovering near the peaceful homes which then smiled in this wilderness, leaving blackened ashes and human blood to mark his scourging path. The tocsin of alarm is sounded: "To arms!" "To arms!" they cry; and to the sound of fife and drum, mid the tears of the loved ones they left behind, and followed by their prayers, they marched away to meet and stem the irresistible current, which was demolishing the hearth-stones, and sweeping away the lives of their countrymen in its bloody tide. They marched through the pathless wilderness, and 'neath a burning July sun, one hundred years ago to-day they met the foe. They fought; they were out-numbered; alas! they were conquered; but not until half their little band lay dead upon this historic field; not until they had accomplished a feat of arms which will blaze forever upon the pages of our history; not until they had illustrated how American patriots could fight and die, when opposed to a hireling savage horde, let loose upon them by the power which sought—thank God! in vain,—to crush the independent spirit of American freemen.

Shades of the dead, who died in honor here! Soldiers, heroes, patriots of Minisink! Your gallant deeds, your unselfish sacrifices, your intrepid valor, your immortal deaths are not forgotten and unprized in this generation by your countrymen.—Assembled here, we honor and revere your memories, and consecrate this battle ground, through all time, to your honor and your fame. We mark this spot with a cenotaph, rugged and unpretending, for such in life ye were, quarried by reverent hands from out these hills, immortalized by your deeds forevermore. The first beams of the morning sun will gild it with splendor and a halo will be shed around it by his evening rays. There

through the coming ages let it stand. Let no vandal hand demolish it. There may it remain untouched forever, save by the gentle summer breeze and the wild winter storm.

Mrs. Jonathan Corey, aged eighty-three years, was now sitting upon the stand in a chair once owned by Col. Tusten, of whom Mrs. Corey is a relative

Judge Butts then in polite and appropriate language, presented the aged lady with a beautiful basket of flowers, tastefully and artistically prepared by Mrs. J. W. Johnston, bearing in the centre the figures "1779" formed with scarlet flowers.

The Judge also and in a touching manner, referred to "the old arm chair" of Mrs. Corey and the memories with which it stood connected.

Mrs. Corey, stepping beside the Chairman on the platform, and in full view of the audience, requested from him a public announcement of her gratitude and her acknowledgments for the kindness shown her.

The Chairman then on behalf of the aged lady and in compliance with her request, spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: On behalf of our aged friend, Mrs. Corey, I present to you her acknowledgments for the attentions thus extended to her, and likewise for the presentation of this beautiful floral gift, bestowed in a manner so appropriate and polite.

I now hold to your view this relict of ancient days, in the shape of a chair, once owned and used in the family of Col. Tusten, second in command at this battle, and who with seventeen of his faithful followers met death by the tomahawk in Indian hands, beneath yonder ledge whose gray and frowning side stands the enduring witness of the barbaric scenes perpetrated at its base. It bears the unerring marks of the relict it is represented to be, and I hold it to your view with all the reverence and admiration its history demands.

Here too stands the aged possessor of it now, directly sanguined to that Colonel whose memory we revere, and whose name and deeds are so securely treasured in our American hearts.

Although shackeled by the burdens which eighty-three years of time have cast upon her frame, yet animated by that undying flame of patriotism burning within her bosom, she has borne the toil, amid this scorching summer sun, to come here to-day, that she, with all others of us, might once more tread upon this classic ground, consecrated by the blood of her heroic relative and to form yet one living and connecting link between the present and historic past.

Fitting to this occasion indeed that she should occupy this chair, upon the platform erected here after the lapse of one hundred years, upon the very scene of the struggle in which her own

relative was an actor so prominent, and whereon he so bravely yielded his life,—

"The fittest place for him to die
Because he died for man."

A striking incident, fruitful of pride and enthusiasm with Americans all, in common with the lady herself. With us, my friends, because we can embellish with Tusten's name, the history of the Country we love. With her, because such illustrious blood courses her veins, and because amid the fast-fading scenes of her life, she can rejoice in her title of American citizen, valuable only from the results of that most grand of National struggles, which the life and the death of her own kindred contributed to produce.

She too like others of us will soon pass away, and may she be happy in her meeting with the noble spirit which fled from this romantic ground a century ago, and hand in hand with him as they shall journey along the course of the stars in spiritual beatitude, recount and only recount their sufferings, their sorrows and their perils past.

ADDRESS

BY THE

HON. GEORGE E. ROWLAND,

OF

ROWLAND'S, PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: 'Tis well that you have assembled here upon this hallowed ground to commemorate the brave deeds of your patriotic ancestors. 'Tis well, fellow citizens, that the descendants of revolutionary ancestors should ever and anon keep alive the sacred fires of freedom by assembling on the day and in the place where those brave Spartans offered up their lives in defence of their liberties and homes.

'Tis well to stand upon the ground that drank the blood, even unto death, of full one-half of all the brave command who met the Indian horde, led on by the wily Brandt on this very plateau, just one hundred years ago to-day. Led on by Brandt, I say; yes, and he led on by twenty-seven tories (as history and tradition tell us) who were worse than the barbarous savages themselves; and they again hissed on by British promise of gold, power, and possession of their neighbors' houses and property, as the price of their treason, against the sacred right of liberty, both political and religious.

'Tis well for those who have drawn the sword in their country's cause to now and again take down the old trusty friend, burnish it, and teach the rising generation that liberty was not bought without a price; and if, as in this case, the actual participants have all passed away, 'tis well for their children and grand and great grand-children to do likewise; and gatherings like this are like unto a brightening up of the old blade.

History has failed to do justice to the men who so gallantly offered up their lives on the battle field of Minisink; although a very full account of their sanguinary conflict may be found in the archives at Albany, as reported to the Governor by Col. Hathorn immediately after. From this and tradition it would seem

that Brandt conceived the idea of exterminating the people of Minisink, which included that section of country where Port Jervis now stands, some twenty-five miles down the Delaware river. Gathering his braves to the number of about one hundred and forty, and some twenty-seven white tories, he stealthily made his way into the quiet little hamlet of Minisink, on the 20th, at night, or early in the morning of the 21st, murdering every man, woman and child in their way, and burning two sawmills, one grist mill and the only church in the settlement, which stood on what is now Main street in the village of Port Jervis. From my best information there were only two buildings left standing in all that thrifty settlement: one a stone house on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware and a similar structure yet standing in what is now called Germantown. They were both built and used as forts, as well as dwellings, were barricaded and defended by the people who fled to them for protection against the savage horde. On hearing of the slaughter of their neighbors, the brave men of Goshen and vicinity assembled, enrolled themselves under the command of Col. Tusten, and they were again joined by another company under Col. Hathorn, and all marched to Minisink, where they were joined by the few men left in the place, a few also from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and immediately started in pursuit of the savage foe. The Indians and whites encamped some three miles apart on the night of the 21st, about three miles east of this place. Next morning early found our men again in pursuit of the enemy, who was leisurely making his way up the river, and pretending to cross it yonder at my right, about one mile distant at the confluence of the Delaware and Lackawaxen rivers. According to some accounts, the Indians were surprised by our men, while other and more probable accounts represent Brandt as aware of the pursuit, and only pretending to cross the river with his plunder, while he had marched the main body of his men around yonder hill, thus coming in the rear of our men and cutting off their retreat; at the same time forcing them to take their position on this plateau, as you see it, with that perpendicular ledge of some 20 feet in height in their rear and saving them from any danger of an attack from that direction.

That this is the exact spot on which the battle was fought there is no doubt, from the fact that there are men upon the ground to-day who were here when the bones of the slain were gathered and taken to Goshen and interred with imposing ceremonies. Again there are those still living who have visited the ground with men who participated in the battle.

Having lived all my life in this vicinity, I have sought after particulars with some pains.

Some thirty-seven years ago I closed the eyes of Absolom Conklin in death at the age of eighty. He was over fifteen years

old at the time of the battle, and he with his father and mother lived just on yonder point at the mouth of the Lackawaxen, where his father had built the first log house in this section and cleared a few acres of land. The old man lived with my father at the time of his death, and never tired of telling me how they were compelled to leave their rude home and descend the Delaware river in a canoe on account of the Indians becoming threatening, only a short time before the battle. How they stopped on the Pennsylvania side of the river, opposite Minisink; how his father joined the militia in pursuit of Brandt; how they fought until late in the afternoon of a very hot day without water; when their ammunition became exhausted they were compelled to retreat—his father running to the Delaware at Otter Eddy, swimming the same and making his way back to his family. How they soon moved back; how he had gone to the battle ground with his father and saw the bones of those who died.

Again Brandt, who at and after that time held a commission in the British army, on a certain occasion in New York city after peace was declared, gave his version of the battle, in brief, like this:

He said the whites took a position on an elevated plateau with a small round hill on their left; (the one you see on my left, no doubt) that before bringing on a general engagement he sent out a white flag, which was met by one from our side; that he rode around yonder hill to the flags and told our men they had better surrender and he would treat them as prisoners of war; that his force was far superior to ours, and if a general battle was brought on he would not be able to restrain his savage warriors; that while thus in parley a bullet came whistling by his side and cut his sword belt; that he then threw himself from his horse, retreated to his men and drew them up for battle. Be that as it may, there is no doubt our men occupied this half acre of ground, with rude breastworks of stone, logs and brush hastily thrown up, running in a semi-circle from the point of yonder rock around by this stand to the top of yonder ledge.

Col. Hathorn in his report to the Governor speaks of Col. Tusten (a practicing physician) establishing a hospital under a high rock in the rear of our line; that he had a number of patients and was also wounded himself.

It is probable when our men broke, the brave Colonel was tomahawked together with his patients, as seventeen skeletons were found bleaching beneath that rock at my right when the bones of the slain were removed to their final resting place at Goshen, Orange County, New York.

This celebration, friends, is truly a success. Such a vast concourse of people was never assembled at Lackawaxen before. To the committee which has had this work in charge, too much praise cannot be given. I am told a committee of five or six

prominent men of Barryville and vicinity have had this whole work in charge, building and grading roads to the top of this high, wild, rocky mountain, at least a thousand feet above the railroad, canal and river; transporting timber therefrom to build all these platforms, stands and seats, bringing cement and even water up this rugged acclivity for the erection of yonder beautiful, unique and appropriate monument, the conception and execution of which was not only artistic but imposing and grand. An herculean task that would have discouraged men less energetic and patriotic than themselves.

But there it stands, its broad base planted on this vast granite rock, the well carved lettering upon its sides will tell the passer-by one hundred years hence how men here two hundred years before, had offered up their lives on the altar of their country; and how there were men one hundred years after with enough of gratitude to mark the spot by yonder pyramid. It now points to that Heaven wherein we trust these brave departed spirits have all assembled. Yes, gentlemen and ladies, one hundred years hence yon monumental pile will stand in all its beauty, unless destroyed by earthquakes or sacraligious arm. Yet I trust some good guardian angel will palsy the Vandalic hand, should one be raised for its destruction.

Let us hope that this our country, the last refuge of liberty, may here forever endure; for alas! should the lamp here go out it may never be relighted.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way—
The first four acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

We have a right to hope for the durability of our country, and while the ladies lend their presence at such gatherings and in such numbers, we, assuredly, will not hope in vain.

ADDRESS

BY

HON. THOMAS J. LYON,

OF

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

Fellow Citizens: As I have been unexpectedly called upon to say something on this memorable occasion, without a moment's preparation, and as I came here to hear and not to speak, my remarks, of necessity, will be disconnected and few. As I have been listening with delight to the speakers who have preceded me, my mind has been irresistably carried back to the early days of our country,—a hundred years back, when upon this spot where now we stand, the best blood of our Revolutionary Fathers was spilled for us and for the liberties we now enjoy. It was a day in the history of our revolutionary struggle which will never be forgotten. It was a period when subjugation stared our little army in the face,—when a successful foe lined the banks of your beautiful Delaware, at the base of this mountain, where we now stand, when the enemies of freedom were exulting in the anticipated overthrow of our destitute and almost exhausted army. But the patriotism of a Washington again cheered their drooping spirits, animated anew their enfeebled bodies, and kindled in their bosoms an inextinguishable flame of liberty and love of independence, that nothing could subdue.

There is no need, after what you have already heard, for me to allude in detail to the brave deeds of those whose memories we to-day meet to honor and embalm. Their heroic deeds, their dauntless courage, their zealous patriotism will never be forgotten so long as American hearts live and America is a nation.

The names of Tusten and Hathorn, with their equally heroic comrads of the rank and file, are the inheritance of us all, and we honor ourselves in thus paying our patriotic tribute to their memory. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well;" and here where this lofty peak kisses the clouds, here where the bones lay

for years, here where the sunbeams first glow in the morning, it is fitting that a monument to their memory should be erected; it is meet that we should celebrate their fame.

But in the few moments allotted to me, I cannot forbear saying a few words on a subject beautifully alluded to by your distinguished orator, in relation to the vigilance and fostering care necessary to retain our civil and religious liberty. If you would secure these blessings as an inheritance to your children a hundred years hence, you cannot too strongly guard against corruption in all its forms. My own observation, and a warning voice coming from the sepulchre of many nations, leads me to apprehend that unless we are zealous in this direction, we may yet fall from our high estate. Look at facts as they now exist around you, and tell me if there is not danger. Consider the nature and tendency of the means so often employed to defeat the popular will in the choice of our rulers.

While men of all parties have united in the cry of bribery and corruption, all have been, to a greater or less extent, guilty.

I speak of all parties, and I affirm that notwithstanding the care and vigilance of the real friends of truth and virtue, the right of suffrage has been shamefully abused, the ballot-box has been prostituted, the Constitution and the laws have been violated, the principles of morality and the character of the Nation have been dishonored. Such are the effects of that reckless spirit which, if not restrained and kept within proper bounds, may yet shake the temple of liberty from the foundation to the top stone, and extinguish its sacred flames on American altars.

I apprehend that in these latter days too many of us go for our party, too few for our country. There was a time when our fathers were noted for an inflexible determination to sustain the Constitution and the laws of the land, but I strongly suspect that another and different standard exists in many places and especially in our most populous cities. The individual who will give the most money to secure the success of his party, will occupy the highest place in the estimation of many of the voters of his own political creed. Indeed, the man who can obtain the largest number of votes by political intrigue or deception, is thought by many to possess an enviable distinction. Such a prominence is one that noble minds should scorn.

The man who employs such means to effect the triumph of his party, strikes a daring blow at the institutions of his Country. He is a shameless assassin of virtue and liberty. He would pull down the great pillars of the Constitution, and cast to the winds the scattered pages of his Country's laws.

But I must close. I need not, I cannot speak particularly of the duties which, as individuals, you owe to your Country, but I pray you, see to it, that they are discharged with incorruptible integrity. A great responsibility rests upon us. Our

influence will be felt by those who shall come after us. The manner in which we live and act, and improve the privileges we possess, will tend to shape the character and destiny of the rising generation, and if we discharge our whole duty, we shall be a hundred years hence what we now are, a free and independent people.

Away then with that time-serving policy which would live but for the passing hour. We should act with reference to the best interests of humanity, irrespective of personal ease or gratification. It is for us to live for truth and virtue, for liberty and our Country. Thus live and thus act, and America shall be in the future, as in the past, great, prosperous and free.

The following Poem was then delivered by

EZRA F. CALKIN, ESQ.,

OF

COCHECTON, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

(*Composed by him for the Occasion.*)

The first great cycle of this Nation's age
Is fully rounded, and on history's page;
By it we learn it was at Lexington
That Patriot blood for liberty first run,
And Bunker Hill—what school boy does not know
That place, contending on his bank of snow?
You and myself have often tried to keep
The fancied foe off of the flaky steep.
Brave Warren failed; a few more rounds of shot
Would made him victor of that glorious spot.
These two took place before John Hancock signed
His name so clear King George could read though blind.
Then Saratoga where Burgoyne was bagged—
Of whom the Lion had so ofted bragged;
And now his name its stiff uprightness lost,
When tidings of it had the ocean crossed:
Alas! some said, It is no use to fight
That Nation, *for it's coming to the light!*
Still they pursued and found on Trenton's shore
More of a match than they had felt before.
Great Washington who is in reverence held
By all the people, loyal and rebelled.
The closing scene: by Yorktown's sunny side
He takes their Lord, and all his men beside:

I sing of these, the greater fights, to show
How fought our sires a hundred years ago;

And shall the *lesser* fights be thrown aside,
Where just as true men did their best, and died?

We come this day to celebrate a scene
Which from our infancy has been kept green
By oft rehearsal, at the fire side,
By honored ones who long ago have died.
A battle scene that is but little known
Beyond the limits of our home-made zone.
Two counties now; an Indian tract but then,
With here and there a sprinkling of white men.

A howling wilderness, now fertile fields,
Where industry a bounteous harvest yields,
And peace throughout its entire border reigns,
Where once was death, by tomahawk in the brains,
To those who live on Shawangunk's softer side,
As "Minisink"—its memory will abide:
To us, by Sullivan's great boundary stream,
As "Lackawack" will wake the latent beam.

How came the parties on this lofty ground,
In Quinlan's Sullivan is clearly found:
Pulaski ordered where palmettos grow;
Brandt sees his chance to dash upon his foe
And like a vulture from the highest hills
Swoops down by stealth, and burns and scalps and kills.

Fair Mamakating's life first runs away;
No darker dawn to any summer day.
July twentieth seventeen seventy-nine,
When Indian and Tory rage combine;
A bloody picture for that lovely vale,
Where hardly one is left to tell the tale.

The few escaped rest not till they relate
To Tusten, Colonel of the troops of State,
So filled with horror by the news they tell,
Vows vengeance on this crew so fit for hell.
At Goshen rallies quick his scanty band,
Too few to grapple with old Brandt's command;
But still they go, determined not to faint,
But fight the savage hideous in his paint.
Upon the way some reinforcements come—
More courage now to sound the fife and drum:
No fife and drum in Indian warfare,
By steps of stealth to such contests repair.

To Half-way Brook from Goshen in a day!
Tired and faint near Brandt's camp-fires they lay.

Strict vigils now this patriot band must keep—
For Brandt is near,—*or never wake from sleep!*

The morning dawns—the day we celebrate,—
One hundred years ago just from this date;
Eventful time demanding greater skill
Than was required on famous Bunker Hill.
Their foe exposed, but here he was concealed,
Preferring woods and rocks to open field.

No time to lose: here Hathorn takes command,
Who lately came from Warwick with a band.
A council held; most of them quickly see
To give Brandt fight would not be policy.
Here now we find in history something strange,
Where one of lower rank did disarrange
The wisdom of his peers—in Meeker's case—
And bring upon the whole affair disgrace.
Where in the annals of mankind is there
Another one that with this can compare?
Why did the leaders suffer this to be?
What difference was it from rank mutiny?
But no such version of the question found;
He mounts his horse, and swings his sword around,
And says, "Come on, but if you 're faint go back,"
And in this way he nerves them to attack.
Now nothing more is heard of this man's might;
It is presumed he shunned the bloody fight;
Like others living at a later day,
Bring on a fuss then slip themselves away.

The contest near, two scouts are sent to see
How lays the land—what chance for victory;
How Brandt maneuvres, if inclined to flee,
Or stand a fight, or if in ambush lain;—
A fatal trip for one; the first one slain.
'Tis said that when great Kosciusko fell,
Of whom in song Campbell has sung so well,
That Freedom shrieked when Poland this befell.
'Twas no less here when Tyler's death they heard,
It paled their cheeks, but deadly vengeance stirred;
No patriot in those times more brave than he,
No one more versed in Indian strategy.
'Tis said when on the way with his war kit,
His gun went off without his firing it;
He heeds it not, no fear in such a thing,
But hastens to his post where bullets sing,
Where banded enemies to his country lie:
Rid it of them, or fighting for it die.
In Ensign Irvine in the late ado,
Is demonstrated Tyler blood is true;
Though but a little coursing through his veins,
We see its high-born character remains.

And now begins upon this barren spot
The deadly strife that cannot be forgot.
Consummate skill brave Hathorn fully showed,
And Tusten to the wounded all his care bestowed—
Smoothing their dying bed in this wild wood
With savage fury round, as best he could.
All through the long and red-hot July day
Behind these rocks in awful thirst they lay.
With nice exactness every shot they aimed
Which yielded death or virtually lamed.
Joe Brandt was thinking he had found his match,
A handful though, in vain he tried to catch.

The end must come: a few more rounds of shot
They lacked, to make them victors of this spot.
With awful yells the savage crew rush out
And what are left at once are put to rout;
The wounded killed by tomahawk and knife,
And now heroic Tusten yields his life,
Like Captain Tyler dying on the field,
And with his blood the battle-scene is sealed.
Here four and forty patriots were slain,
Here three and forty years untombed remain;
How could this be, surrounded by their friends?
How, for such treatment, can they make amends?
At that late day few remnants could be found
Of those great men upon this battle ground;
But with care coffined in a single case,
A marble monument now marks the place;
Far off from here, in Goshen, ancient town,
There read the names of those held in renown.
How tell the rest, the record history keeps;
There find, who dies for country sweetly sleeps.
We leave this spot; *our* duty now is done,
The Patriot's deed is honored by his son.
When this beginning cycle takes its flight
Will others climb up to this rocky height?
Or will the number be increased to tell
"*Two hundred years ago our fathers did it well.*"

God of those fathers, and of all their sons,
Keep linked in love this nation as time runs,
And may a decade of centennials be
Remembered through this land, as now we see.

884839

Raising of Funds and Incidents Connected Therewith.

BY J. W. JOHNSTON, ESQ.

The Centennial day and the exercises connected with it having passed with general, if not universal satisfaction, as we think, the members of the committee really felt and reasoned with themselves that, release should be had from further vexation and toil, at least until they had time to rest from the arduous labors they had so recently performed. They could not for a moment, however, escape a recollection of the fact that they had incurred liabilities for work, materials, Band and whatsoever was done in preparation and about the celebration, and that all such liabilities must be discharged either from their own pockets or from contributions by the public. A very few days previous to the celebration they had received a small amount from Lackawaxen and another from Barryville.

Hopes were fully entertained that upon the day, and from the people who would then assemble upon the ground, sufficient funds would be raised; and when the large assembly was seen, so vastly in excess of our anticipation, the committee was cheered by a confidence which the number inspired. Well directed efforts, however, resulted in securing the sum of thirty-one dollars only.

Although disappointed in the result, the committee carefully abstained from all manner of complaint and cheerfully returned thanks to those who contributed the amount received.

To those who withheld their aid, they extended the excuse which the oppression of the times seem to demand. Business dull—never perhaps more prostrate, money scarce and hard to acquire, and it was not difficult, but quite easy to realize the feelings of hundreds there who had, or thought they had, more urgent need for the means at their command.

One event during the efforts to raise money from the assembly seems worthy of mention here:

There was present an aged lady, Mrs. Fannie Corey, who had completed her eighty-third year of age. She was the widow of Jonathan Corey, deceased, a soldier in the war of 1812, received a pension of $8 per month, and died at the age of ninety years. His widow now receives the pension.

Mrs. Corey is a relative of Col. Tusten who so bravely yielded up his life in the Minisink battle, her grandmother being a sister of his.

She had in her possession, and then with her, an old-fashioned arm chair, once owned by Col. Tusten and used in his family, and which Mrs. Corey occupied upon the platform during the exercises of the day. During the proceedings reference was made to the aged lady, her lineage briefly given, her chair alluded to and its history stated, and a basket of flowers beautifully and artistically arranged by Mrs. Jennie L. Johnston was presented to her in touching and appropriate language by Judge Butts of Monticello, as previously stated. The natural and unflaging patriotism of the old lady being seemingly aroused to the utmost and her every feeling animated by the occasion, she earnestly besought the President to announce to the multitude her acknowledgments for the kind attentions thus extended to her, the pleasure and satisfaction she experienced, and particularly to place her name among the list of subscribers for one dollar, which she would try and pay very soon.

The lady was poor, with nought but her scanty pension for support, and a safe dependence upon her children for the additional aid required; yet the great spirit within her found its chief delight in becoming a contributor to the work of celebrating a scene, wherein the heroic blood of her honored relative was shed. Her request was granted, and the second day after her dollar was received. A cherished dollar indeed by those to whom it was given, and without disparagement to other gifts, chief among those received.

A widow's mite indeed, and though all she could give it was unmeasurably valuable because it served as a token of a true and loyal heart—a heart of one proud in the country of her nativity and of the institutions of civil liberty which for 83 years had cast their benign influences around her, and grateful in her memory of the acts, the sacrifices and sufferings by which these institutions were established.

Other incidents there were of a touching and somewhat similar kind. Among them the case of Benjamin C. Austin and Nathan Mitchell, whom it would seem can never find a heaven in full unless their love of country and a remembrance of its history shall remain with them—men who have lived until the toils of many years have enfeebled their frame, who from the lessons of time have learned the value of Republican institutions; and while wholly unasked, from considerations of their age and cir-

cumstances, have sought the channel through which to contribute their dollar, and thereby to exhibit their grateful and undying remembrance of the men and the deeds which made them free.

Left as above shown with a considerable debt on hand, the Committee by its Chairman, J. W. Johnston, adopted the experiment of writing and stating the financial condition to different sections, mostly of Sullivan County, selecting for such purpose men only who were engaged in public business—merchants, editors, officials and professional men; and not wishing to impose, in any form, a burden upon any, the suggestion was generally made that $5 from each would fully equal the expectations. Hence the statement was sent to Cochecton, Callicoon, Narrowsburgh, Rowland's, Pa., Port Jervis, Orange Co., Monticello, Wurtsboro, &c., &c.

The following is a list of all moneys received from all sources, with names of the subscribers and the amount by each subscribed:

AMOUNT RECEIVED ON GROUND DURING THE CENTENNIAL DAY.

Hon. Geo. H. Rowland,	$5.00	Charles Hill,	1.00
Thomas J. Ridgeway,	5.00	Joseph Stern,	25
Alfred VanTuyl,	5.00	Mrs. S. Westfall,	2.00
Mr. Brunson,	1.00	Alexander C. Wells,	1.00
Mr. Hadden,	1.00	Abel S. Myers,	5.00
Mr. Corwin,	1.00	Four strangers,	1.75
Simeon Westfall,	1.00		
Nathan Mitchell,	1.00	Total,	$31.00

LACKAWAXEN.

S. V. King, depot agent,	$2.00	John H. Smith, merchant,	1.00
N. Mitchell, saloon keeper,	5.00	Chas. Gilshinon, merchant,	1.00
C. C. Shannon, merchant,	3.00	J. F. Holbert, hotel keeper,	5.00
C. VanBenschoten, hotel keeper	2.00	Arthur Dabron, physician,	2.00
J.S.Williamson, merchant,	1.00	Total,	$22.00

BARRYVILLE.

Edwin Bowly, merchant,	$5.00	R. Frazer, school teacher,	5.00
Peter McCallum, "	5.00	D. Bogert, stone dealer,	2.00
J.W. Johnston, Jr. " besides materials,	1.00	B.C.Austin, aged mechanic,	1.00
Geo. Devenport, mechanic,	1.00	Mrs. F. Corey, aged lady,	1.00
N. B. Johnston, physician,	5.00	W. F. Proctor, sewing machine manufacturer,	5.00
C. G. Johnston, "	2.00		
W.C. Stidd, Justice Peace,	1.00	Total,	$34.00

MONTICELLO.

Hon. Thornton A. Niven, attorney at law,	$10.00	John Waller, editor	3.00
Hon. T.F. Bush, attorney,	5.00	Total,	$23.00
L. N. Stanton, Co. Clerk,	5.00		

COCHECTON AND DAMASCUS.

Ellery T. Calkin, hotel keeper, $4; H. P. O'Riley, $1—$5.00

Following appears the names of fifteen subscribers, all of whom are relatives of the Capt. Tyler who first passed the gate of death at the Minisink struggle, and which subscriptions were obtained by the exertions of Wm. W. Tyler whose grandfather was a brother of said Capt. Tyler:

Lorenzo D. Tyler,	$1.00	Elliot Tyler,	1.00
Charles Irwin,	1.00	Oliver Tyler,	1.00
Wm. W. Tyler,	1.00	Wm. V. Ross,	1.00
B. C. Ross,	1.00	Calvin Tyler,	1.00
Walter J. Bush,	1.00	Richard S. Tyler,	1.00
J. F. Tyler,	1.00	Wm. W. Tyler,	2.00
Moses Tyler,	1.00		
A. Tyler,	1.00	Total,	$21.00
George S. Bush,	1.00		

SUMMARY.

On the ground - - -	$31.00
Lackawaxen - - - -	22.00
Barryville - - - -	34.00
Monticello - - - -	23.00
Cochecton and Damascus - -	21.00
Grand total - -	$131.00

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